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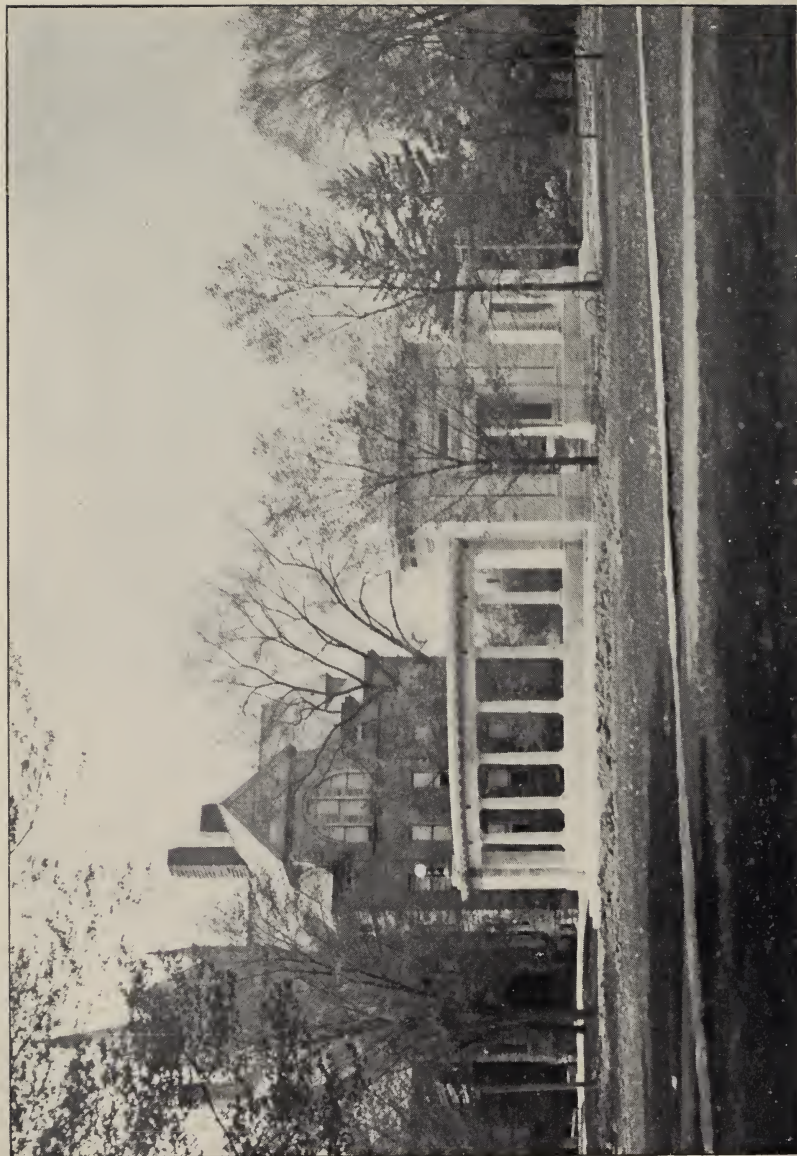






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ARCH MEMORIAL FOR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

# Life and Light for Woman.

VOL. XXXIII

JULY, 1903.

No. 7.

**MEMORIAL ARCH** Our frontispiece gives us a view of the Memorial Arch  
**AT OBERLIN.** which was dedicated at Oberlin on May 14th. Dignified and impressive, it stands at one of the entrances to the college grounds, commemorating to all passers-by the heroism of thirteen missionaries—seven of them Oberlin graduates—who laid down their lives in China in 1900. Two of these martyrs, Miss Mary Morrill and Miss Annie Gould, were dearly loved missionaries of the Woman's Board, and the memory of their devotion will waken and strengthen a like consecration in many young women who look upon these stately columns. It is well to honor the memory of our sainted dead; but their true memorial is in many souls rescued from the bondage of heathenism, and in a widening influence that will outlast the lettered bronze and the sculptured stone. We shall best pay loving tribute to their sacrifice in carrying on generously the work to which they gave their lives.

**OUR CONTRIBUTIONS** Our Treasurer's figures show that the contributions  
**FOR THE MONTH.** for the pledged work of the Board received from April 18 to May 18 were \$13,416.34, which is less by \$555.62 than the amount taken in the same month in 1902. Thus at the end of the first seven months of our financial year we have received \$59,000 for our pledged work, leaving \$61,000 to be raised in the five remaining months to complete the \$120,000 imperatively needed to carry on our present work. Surely every reader must ask two questions, Am I doing my utmost? Am I helping others to do all that is possible to meet this great need?

**THE MEETING** All outer things were most propitious for our semi-annual  
**AT NATICK.** gathering on May 27th, and from the first minute to the last the large audience were conscious of that unseen Presence without which any assembling of ourselves has little use. A graceful and tender word of welcome, spoken in behalf of the Natick auxiliary by Mrs. Cook, the president of Middlesex Branch, was followed by the response of Mrs. Judson Smith, who added a tribute, brief but most appreciative and heartfelt, to Miss Child, our long time and greatly beloved leader, so sorely missed to-

day. Miss Stanwood gave a review of the last six months' experiences, showing most excellent work done in many branches, and impressing on all the need of faithful and unremitting effort in the months to come. "The work takes no vacation," she said; "individual workers pause for a breathing spell, but the work goes steadily on."

Bright and helpful thoughts were given from the floor in the brief discussion that followed, and then the time was given to the missionary addresses. Miss Closson, sent out thirty-five years ago, before the Woman's Board was formed, for five years by the American Board as an experiment in sending single women, gave us vivid glimpses of her long and useful life in Talas, Turkey; Miss Stillson sketched swiftly the opportunity and methods of work among the miners at Johannesburg, South Africa; and Dr. Harriet Parker, who has charge of the hospital for women and children in Madura, India, told modestly and forcibly the needs of the suffering women of that great continent.

The devotional hour, all too brief, was guided wisely and helpfully by Mrs. Ruth B. Baker, turning our thought to the glory of the encompassing Divine as it was revealed to Moses, as it may be revealed to us.

The first address of the afternoon was given by Miss Lucile Foreman, principal of the girls' school at Aintab, Central Turkey, telling us most lovingly and with a worthy pride of the fine work done by her graduates in all parts of the empire. Mrs. Smith then presented our three new missionaries: Miss Susan R. Norton, who goes soon to Van, Eastern Turkey; Miss Bertha Wilson, who will join the teaching force in Euphrates College in Harpoot; and Dr. Ruth Hume, who takes charge of the new hospital at Ahmednagar, India, the work carried on so long by Dr. Julia Bissell. The consecration of such lives as these means much in the warfare of light with darkness, and no one who was present can forget these young women who give their all to help to make the kingdom come. No printed words can give an idea of the fire and force with which Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich, of Tung-cho, China, set forth the value of our "investments in China," the need of filling the places left vacant by our martyrs, and the possible return for all that is sent to that country. Miss Ellen M. Stone interpreted for us in her own inimitable way the "Macedonian cry" of 1903,—the heart-breaking cry of the suffering Christians in Albania and Macedonia to-day. Her words were effectively supplemented by Miss Iranka, a young Bulgarian woman, first a pupil and then a co-laborer of Miss Stone.

Prayer and the benediction by Rev. W. W. Sleeper, of Wellesley, closed the exercises, but the power of the meeting must go with us to our homes, to our churches, for all the rest of the year.



**THE FIELD WORK.** With the early spring days come the freedom and opportunity for work among the Branches, and during the past two months the Field Secretary has enjoyed tours in the New Haven and New York Branches. The work in the New Haven Branch was primarily among the Junior societies, and in two weeks sixteen audiences, representing thirty churches, were reached. The response in most places was most gratifying. One conviction was more deeply rooted than ever at the close of the series of meetings,—that no church need be without a society for children and girls in the interests of foreign missions, provided one faithful, earnest woman can be found as leader. In the New York Branch the auxiliaries on Long Island, for the most part unvisited for seven years, were found to have made marked progress. One society is giving four times as much to the New York Branch for its pledged work as in 1896. The study of *Lux Christi* is proving delightful and profitable in these smaller societies, and is helping to win “the other woman.” The “leafy month of June” is to be spent in part in the good Green Mountain State, with county conferences as the objective points. Vermont’s hospitality and responsiveness fill such days with delight. “Hill-top” meetings they are, in more than one sense, for the interest in our work is shown in increased attendance at meetings and deep interest in the 20 per cent advance. This is true in all the Branches visited, so that we look forward with hope to the autumn ingathering at New Haven when the prayers and purposes shall be fulfilled in the increased gifts so urgently needed.

A. M. K.

OUR FELLOW CITIZENS  
IN GUAM.

*The Independent* for May 21st contains a finely illustrated article by Rev. Francis M. Price, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in this new island possession. He sums up the results of four years of American rule, saying we have established a reputation for justice and honesty, one native saying, “Before plenty lies, now all truth.” We have done much in sanitation and relief from suffering caused by the great typhoon of 1900, and the kindness of the American surgeon (*carinoso*) has won the hearts of the natives. We have adapted and amplified the legal code of the islands, so guarding better against injustice. We have built a good wharf, and have made a fine road with excellent bridges. But the Chamorros greatly desire and need a government civil instead of naval; they need a more efficient judiciary, and they must have schools. In these four years only eight months’ schooling has been given. These needs our government will supply. Beyond this they need most of all the gospel of Christ, and this we must help to give. The names of Mrs. Price and Mrs. Logan stand in our Calendar for July; let us help their work.

**MEMORIAL CHURCH IN PAO-TING-FU.** We remember that in the horrors of 1900 all the mission property at Pao-ting-fu was destroyed. After worshipping for awhile in an open courtyard, and then in an old stable, repaired, but far too small for the congregation, the Christians there have resolved to build a church. This will be both a memorial to the martyred dead and the means of continuing their work. From their great poverty, through stealing a handful of grain from the portion for each meal, they have gathered nearly \$1,000 in silver. More is needed that the building may be worthy of its double purpose. Should any friends here feel moved to add out of our abundance to their fund, the gift would be most welcome and most useful.

Gifts may be sent to Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M.

**OUR MONTHLY LEAFLET.** Since the months assigned to the study of *Lux Christi* have now passed, our monthly leaflet for the remainder of the year will have a somewhat different purpose. That it may be more fully up to date, it will appear rather later in the month than heretofore. The list containing the topics suggested for the remaining months of 1903 can be obtained of Miss A. R. Hartshorn.

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### A MISSIONARY COLLECTION.

BY MRS. ALICE GODDARD WEST.

**M**Y missionary collection is not the kind that is made with a contribution box. It belongs rather in the category with the small boy's postage stamps and his father's fossils. I never really thought of my collection in that light till one day when a bright young woman, who knew my penchant for making missionary acquaintances, asked laughingly, "Who is the newest specimen in your missionary collection?" If anyone who happens to read this is looking about for a new employment, either as a cure for *ennui* or relief from monotonous duty, here is a pursuit of never-ending interest, within the reach of anybody who can read and write. Begin by making a list of all the missionaries with whom you have the faintest shadow of personal acquaintance, then deliberately set to work to lengthen the list by every means in your power. Missionaries seldom decline overtures of friendship. The greatest difficulty is time limitations. Missionaries are such overtaxed people that one cannot ask much in the way of letter-writing, and on their rare vacations so many claim their time that visits are few and short. They must be caught,

as boys say, "on the fly." Just by way of example, here is one contrivance that added several new names to my list in a single day. There happened to be a number of young foreign missionaries in the city, and I deliberately took my card case, though a stranger to some of them, and called with an invitation to meet each other at my house at a "missionary luncheon." We sat down to table, fourteen of us,—seven foreign missionaries, two home missionaries, and five city hostesses of strong missionary leanings,—all of us about the same age, and it was one of the most enjoyable social gatherings I ever attended. We sat nearly three hours at table, and on parting lapsed into the girlish trick of carrying off a souvenir in the form of our menu cards converted into autograph albums. They said their leave-takings in Chinese and Japanese, Turkish and Armenian, Hindustani and Zulu, and the missionary magazines from every quarter of the globe ever since have had new interest for me. But a more interesting story centers in one of the latest acquisitions to my collection. I was watching the faces on the crowded deck of a Mediterranean steamer bound for the far East. It was early autumn, when English consular families were going back to their Eastern posts, and English missionaries returning from their vacations. I wondered if among all the different nationalities there might not be an



MISS MARY RIGGS

American Board missionary bound for the Turkish field. We had been long enough away from America to have our ears sharpened to the homeland accent, and we pricked up our ears at every English word, but for some time heard only English voices. At the table adjoining ours in the dining saloon there had been a pretty, dark-haired, wide-awake young woman, with the indescribable air of New England. We should have been confident that she was a fellow countrywoman but for the fact that she seemed to be wholly appropriated by her neighbors at table, who were always speaking French with Parisian rapidity. By and by I found myself near her on deck, and missionary curiosity overpowered scruples of conventionality. I said something to her in idiomatic Yankee. She turned, smiling, and her first sentence, "You are an American," set all doubts at rest. It was the homeland accent beyond a doubt. We sat down for a cozy chat, and to my delight I found my new acquaintance was a *bona fide* missionary, and better still, a Woman's Board mis-

sionary, and best of all, of a family high in missionary annals. It was Miss Mary Riggs, the ninth descendant of Dr. Elias Riggs, to be commissioned to carry on in Turkey the work in which he was a pioneer. She herself was born on the mission field, and spent her girlhood in Marsovan, where her parents are still working. After ten or a dozen years in America, she was going out to her first appointment in Turkey, but at a long distance from any of her family. Her French companions proved to be not French but Swiss, the young lady, her cabin mate, also bound for the mission field. Miss Riggs was rejoicing in her good fortune in having happened upon a cabin mate so congenial, and as it proved later so useful in her knowledge of Turkish language, customs, and localities. Miss Reineck was well acquainted with the Woman's Board workers at Brousa, where she herself had been stationed for several years in orphanage work.

The cloud over my pleasure in the new acquaintance was the fact that in two days we should reach Constantinople and our paths diverge forever. But within three hours of our introduction something happened that is still puzzling me. Does Providence control so directly our daily steps as to deliberately run a great steamer aground on a safe harbor shoal and keep it there several days for the express purpose of giving two passengers a better chance to become acquainted? That was exactly what happened. For four beautiful days, while we waited in the harbor of Piræus, Mary Riggs and her Swiss companion joined with us in excursions to Athens. This, too, was more than mere sight-seeing, for Athens had been home to Miss Riggs one happy summer in her childhood, when it had been necessary for her mother to leave the mission field with her children for a change of climate. The family had lived near the Acropolis, and those marvelous ruins had been the children's playground. So that not only did our little party have a most entertaining guide in our rambles, but incidentally I came to feel almost acquainted with several more missionaries whom I had never seen.

At the end of four memorable days, as there seemed no immediate prospect of our steamer getting off the mud bank, we reshipped together on another boat for Constantinople. What opportunities we had for long, earnest talks as we sat in our steamer chairs watching the purple *Ægean* Islands and the beautiful shores of the Dardanelles! Even before we said good-by that Sunday morning, with the sunrise flashing from the domes and minarets of Constantinople, I felt it was no mere passing travel acquaintance we had made. In the din and tumult of an Oriental landing we lost sight of her. She had an experienced guide in her Swiss friend, and also expected a messenger from the Bible House to meet her. We resigned ourselves to the tender mercies of a hotel porter.

But after saying good-by in Europe, for indefinite years as we supposed, we found ourselves forty-eight hours later greeting each other again in Asia. And for three days longer we were constantly in her company, enjoying the unique experience of escorting a new foreign missionary to her post of duty, and more than that, living two days in a foreign missionary home. This was how it happened. Our first visit in Constantinople, after the Sunday's rest, was to the Bible House,—the famous headquarters of the American Board in Western Turkey. Our particular errand was to find how we could combine mission visiting with sight-seeing in the ten days we were to spend



CITY OF ADABAZAR.

in the city. They told us how to find the city stations and the girls' college at Scutari and Robert College, then added: "But better still, go to Adabazar. Many travelers visit the schools in Constantinople, but so few go off into the country. It is only a day's journey to Adabazar, and Miss Riggs goes to-morrow. Go with her; it will be pleasant for you both." We decided on the spot to go, and the kind officials at the Bible House secured for us the necessary permits to travel,—those exasperating *tezkeres* without which no one, native or foreigner, can pass a town limit. The next morning the *kavass* of the Bible House called at our hotel for us at the unearthly hour of four, in order to make sure that we should not miss the

steamer that sailed at sunrise across the Bosphorus to connect with the only train of the day that left at seven o'clock on its slow crawl toward the heart of Asia Minor as far toward Bagdad as German concessions have yet attained. At the railway station on the Asiatic shore we found Miss Riggs waiting to begin the last stage of her long journey. She was not so surprised at sight of us as we anticipated, for a hint had flown across the Bosphorus from the Bible House to the Scutari College, where she spent the night, that we would accompany her. She had three young Armenian girls with her going to enter the school. How can I describe that weary journey, six or seven hours in a wretchedly slow train, with hard seats and a crowded compartment; as for ourselves, an uncomfortable suspicion that we were getting into rather deep water without the ability to swim, thus venturing off the beaten track of travel into Turkish country districts, not knowing a word of the language; and as for Miss Riggs, pitying her for the awful significance of that journey to her, admiring her for the brave way in which she was making sunshine for us all, in spite of the weary look underneath the smiles, telling of either physical exhaustion or a battle with homesickness. A happy change came an hour before the end of the journey. All but our own party had left the compartment, when, at a little way station, the door opened and two American women peeped in. It was Miss Farnham and Miss Kinney, from Adabazar, come to meet their new helper. The cordiality of their welcome and the manifest delight in the new arrival turned the current of my feeling in regard to Miss Riggs. All day I had been pitying her for the sadness of her future. Now I began to envy her for the joy that was hers in the prospect of daily companionship in service with these two earnest workers, and in her consciousness of the pleasure she was bringing into their isolated lives as well as the relief she would afford to their overtaxed strength.

At the Adabazar station several friends of the school were gathered to welcome the new teacher and escort her to her home. As we entered the school grounds we saw the buildings decorated and the girls massed on the balconies with flowers to throw as we approached. My curiosity had been very great on the subject of the rooms that were to be home henceforth for my new friend, and it was a satisfaction to find that they were bright and cheery and American, with sofa cushions and books and magazines. Miss Riggs' sleeping room was especially pretty, and when her own possessions should be added it was sure to be a most homelike retreat, though I do not feel so satisfied on that point since receiving a letter recently alluding to her making a sort of isolation hospital of her room when scarlet fever broke out in the school. That ought not to be, when there is a fine large empty

room in the building that should be fitted up for hospital use. But the fitting costs money in Turkey as well as in America, and our brave missionaries everywhere often make costly sacrifices of personal comfort because we at home stint our giving.

I have attended many missionary meetings of various sorts, but none stand out in my memory so conspicuous for their impressiveness and their inspiration as those meetings of five around the dining table in the teachers' room at Adabazar. Every meal was a service. Whatever the subject of con-



MISS KINNEY, MISS RIGGS AND MISS FARNHAM.

versation, however gay the chat and laughter, my memory holds it all as just so many pictures of the personality, the life and work of missionaries, their problems, their joys and their disappointments, their funny experiences, and their thrilling dangers. More than once we forgot the clock, listening to Miss Laura Farnham tell of her twenty-five years in Asia Minor; we scarcely allowed her to eat at all, so constantly did we ply her with questions. It is one of the miracles of which missionary annals are so full, that this frail woman, who has carried heaviest responsibilities and lived through such

trials of patience and such real dangers as appalled us in the mere recital, should yet keep her cheery laugh and her sunny spirit as fresh as at the beginning, though her hair is snow white and she seems too delicate to be far from an invalid's sofa. The story goes that when she began her work in Turkey a quarter of a century ago her friends gave her "six months to live." Still looking just as frail, she manifests the energy and endurance of a strong woman. She rules like an empress the whole Christian community of Adabazar, and even the natives and officials stand in wholesome awe of her sturdy maintenance of her rights as principal of the mission school.



MISS MARY KINNEY.

As for the other teacher, Miss Mary Kinney, of Roxbury, one could not have chosen a better assistant for Miss Farnham. Her quiet, reserve strength, her calm, sunny nature, combined with an unusually rich endowment of practical common sense, tend to conserve the force that might be spent too lavishly by her associates. The Woman's Board may well be proud of their band of workers at Adabazar; even in mission fields it would be hard to find greater natural gifts for the work or deeper consecration. But great as is their combined power, they are so little compared with the mighty force against which they must struggle. Is it worth while, this costly sacrifice? We almost said "No" as we watched them talking over their plans to make bricks without straw;

but the next day when we saw them in the crowded class rooms, and realized that these three women and their work are the only hope of uplift to these hundreds of girls who come under their influence from year to year; when we saw the change in the faces, comparing the older students with the new ones; when we saw the real affection shown toward the teachers by the parents who called when we were there,—when we remembered all these things we knew it was worth while. Even the hardest fate that can come to three is a small price to pay for life and light to so many. And the three who suffer for the hundreds will find God's own compensation, not only in the hereafter, but even now and here.



## OUR OWN DEBT TO RETURNED MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS JULIA A. EASTMAN.



COMING back as missionaries do after years of absence, what do they bring to us as the fruit of their gleaning in foreign harvest fields? Is it not, first of all, the personal touch, the vivid impression of actual contact?

Had it been given to us to gather from the lips of the first great foreign missionary the story of the mob at Ephesus, or the wreck off Melita, should we not have carried to our graves the clearness of a picture such as no written or printed narrative could ever, by any possibility, have produced? The history of the Crimean War and the details of the founding of Roberts College, as some of us remember hearing these stories told by that veteran missionary Doctor Hamlin, may serve as an illustration of the power of the first personality. "These things I saw, and in many of these I was an actor." It was with this introduction that the Trojan hero prefaced the tale which held his hearers spellbound far into the hours of sleep.

From our returned missionaries comes a fuller knowledge of ethnic subjects, and with this increased knowledge a deeper sympathy with other races. If the revealing experience of our friends has disclosed the shadow side of life under pagan conditions, has it not served also to make manifest the brighter aspect of redeeming traits, proving anew the truth of the great assurance that it is of one blood that the Creator has made all nations of men who dwell on the face of the earth? In homelands and in lands remote are found men and women who are clever or stupid, brave or cowardly, fine or coarse, loving or selfish, spiritual or unspiritual. For even in the waste places full of the habitations of cruelty, there is revealed here and there, like a star in the cloudy midnight, a rare soul groping through the darkness of blind ways after the light of the knowledge of God. By their joys and their sorrows, their victories and their failures, above all by the fellowship of suffering endured, are the races of men drawn nearer together.

How many of us have learned from our returned missionaries to assimilate, not without surprise, the fact of the high civilization of certain pagan nations; the intellectual acumen, the advanced thought along philosophic lines, the fine culture in the direction of art which may co-exist with the degradation of a hideous and brutalizing idolatry. Commerce, history, science, have all found themselves enriched through missionary effort. In philology, especially, the incalculable labor of compiling dictionaries in foreign tongues has enlarged the realm of modern scholarship. These manifold labors are

coming to meet recognition from unexpected quarters. A writer in the April number of the *North American Review* in an article on China says:—

“Missionary enterprise has served to open up the country to the acceptance of new ideas, and of measures and men other than missionary. Missions to-day are recognized as a factor to be reckoned with.”

The life of the missionary is, in most cases, a life of exile. “There is no romance in missions when one goes out the second time,” said a young woman of clear vision and brave heart, as she set sail for her chosen field in the South Sea Islands. There are facts of individual experience which are brought daily to our notice, the knowledge of lives lived in regions desolated by famine, in plague-stricken hospitals, in mob-threatened houses, and in the midst of the horrors of actual warfare. Are not these lives full of significance in their lesson of heroism and endurance to us sitting in the protection of our pleasant home places?

Do we find our friends weakened by these experiences? In body, sometimes; in spirit, never. How many of them come back to us matured, strengthened, uplifted by the very severity of their years of absence. There is, thereby, a revelation to us of that development of character which comes by the sure road of discipline. It is when the tale of bricks is doubled that the prophet of the Lord draws near. Not as a prop to human indolence and supineness, but as a supplement to human strength worn out in the stress of conflict, is the aid of the Highest vouchsafed.

For the devoted missionary strength and zeal are focussed upon one point, “This one thing I do.” Some of us remember a white-haired man who came into our midst not many years ago. He had crossed the breadth of the Pacific Ocean and the width of our own continent full of enthusiasm for the accomplishment of one object, namely, to persuade the President of the United States to some restrictive action concerning the importation of alcoholic liquors into the islands where the work of his life had been done. It was a burning question to the old missionary, who had witnessed the ruin of whole communities through the curse of intemperance.

He went to Washington. He was shown the splendors of the city; he was courteously entertained at the White House; but he turned sadly back to his own field no better off than he came. “The President was very kind,” said this missionary in the hearing of the writer, “except in the one thing that I wanted. He had nothing to say about that.”

“This one thing I do.” The example is before us of their self-sacrifice, their devotion most of all to the work to which they have given themselves. What are our own social amenities, increasing year by year? What are these luxuries which we have come to count necessities over against the

consecration of these self-denying lives? Is not this, when all is said, a question of comparative values? Are we in no danger of minimizing the greatest of questions?

“The missionary function of the Church,” says a recent writer, “cannot be made a side issue, or a subordinate issue, or even a co-ordinate issue, but only the paramount issue.”

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## WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR US; FROM THE MISSIONARY'S STANDPOINT.

BY MRS. JAMES H. PETTEE.



WHEN I calmly sit down to think of telling Americans what to do for missionary women at home for a furlough, my heart fills immediately with the memory of the loving, kindly deeds which made my stay in the homeland so happy at the time, and so fruitful later. What better can I do than to jot down some of the ways in which I was helped? First, and most of all, the missionary needs sympathy. The America she comes to is not the America she left ten or even five years before. The longer the absence, the longer it takes her to get ready to be really benefited by the change, and to gain the strength and inspiration from contact with the stirring life of the homeland.

She needs time to get her bearings, to adjust herself to the new and changed conditions. Busy as her life has been in the foreign field, every hour of every day full to the brim, she has not lived in the rush of electric cars, steam whistles and crowded engagement lists. She is tired, body and mind, and she needs time to catch on, and sympathetic help while she is adjusting herself.

But idleness is not always rest, and she craves sympathetic interest in her work, not only because it is hers, but because it is part of that bringing of the world to Christ which is your privilege as well as hers. She is glad to speak of it in public and private, and more glad of questions and suggestions which may make her story more interesting and more helpful to her hearers. The general subject is so large, give her the help of skillful questioning to draw out the things you most want to know.

When she has something to say, give her time to say it. When she has left her children or her study or her sewing even, and ridden hours or only half hours to go to a missionary meeting of an hour's length, is it quite fair for the leader to take forty minutes for the opening exercises and reports, and give the missionary only fifteen or perhaps ten minutes for the talk she

has carefully thought out and prayed over? It may seem strange, but it is true, that within a hundred miles of Boston there are places where such an experience has not been unknown.

Nowhere in the wide world are there such homes as in America, but the missionary woman's American home is likely to be "spelled with a big H," and while she thanks God every day for the comfort and convenience of it, and blesses the noble women whose generosity and love have made it a possibility for herself and hers, yet the glimpses of your beautiful American homes, my friends,—you have no idea what that means to her. Entertain your missionaries; they will bless you for it and thank you for it, not only then but long months afterward, when their own house may be the only Christian home in a crowded city.

All kinds and sizes, shapes and styles, of entertainment are interesting and helpful: the elegant lunch, with its bewildering array of forks and spoons, the very names and uses of which are unknown, where the green missionary watches her hostess with "the tail of her eye," lest she disgrace herself by eating her soup with a coffee spoon, and secretly wishes she could replace all those unfamiliar wonders with a single pair of chopsticks for each guest; not less enjoyable is the quiet home of three or four rooms, where over the dishwashing in the tidy kitchen the hostess and guest work and talk together, till in the heart of each springs up a new and wider love for God's children on both sides of the sea.

Give the missionary stranger within your gates the sympathy of your hearts, the hospitality of your homes, and also a share in your church work. She has much to learn from you of Sunday-school teaching, of mothers' meetings, of Christian Endeavor Societies for children and youth, of settlement and home mission work, and of other parts of the Lord's vineyard besides the little spot he has given her to till. You may not think much of her help as help, but she thinks much of the companionship in work, of the new ideas and methods which she can use later in her far-away home, and she will gratefully remember how you "took her in."

Another side of the question I hesitate to touch lest others may not feel as I do. I think, without exception, all missionaries find it hard to get along on the allowance, not ungenerous, which our Boards give their workers while on furlough. It gives them the necessaries and many of the comforts, but the luxuries,—the books, the lectures, the concerts,—these things for which they have been starving for years they see now as unattainable oftentimes as if they were in the heart of China or the wilds of Africa. The children must be clothed and educated, and the mother's old-fashioned gowns, her shabby bonnets and worn gloves are a daily trial to her sense of the beautiful.

Even as I write, my grateful thoughts turn lovingly to those dear friends who brightened my life with tickets for the Symphony and the "Messiah," the book I had longed for, the warm winter cloak,—a comfort even yet,—the pretty gown which a few hours' work made so fresh and serviceable, the fresh gloves for lack of which I must have missed a reception,—all these and more, for which my hearty thanks again.

Just one thought more and this in the line of "don'ts." The older mother is there to start her children in their school life, and to leave them often among strangers. Don't say to her, "How can you leave your children? I couldn't do it." Your missionary smiles as bravely as she can, but shrinks as if you had struck a blow upon her bleeding heart, and her soul longs to cry out: "No; you can't and I can't. Oh, God, why must it be?" and, perhaps, cries herself to sleep that night, praying for strength to face it.

Dear friends, I end as I began,—give your missionary your sympathy and your love. Your part of the battle is in many ways so much harder than hers, and she appreciates it. She would rather work at the front than raise money at home for missions many times over. While she is with you fill her full of the good things you have so abundantly, and she will work at her post more courageously, more effectively, more earnestly, as the representative of the women of the American churches. God bless you every one!

OKAYAMA, JAPAN, March 30, 1903.

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## MISSIONARY LETTERS.

### CHINA.

Missionaries new in heathen lands see many things strange to their unaccustomed Western eyes. Describing their return from their summer abiding place, Miss Evelyn Worthley, of Foochow, writes:—



**A**BOUT eight o'clock a flock of ten or more sturdy little Chinese women, all chattering together in high-pitched voices, besieged our cottage and made a raid on our trunks and boxes. It was funny enough to see our lordly professor walk about in his long trailing gown and direct their manœuvres. It took fully an hour to get the boxes properly tied to the large poles and then swung between two men or women, who carried the ends of the poles on their shoulders. At last the strange baggage train moved out. It seems very cruel to have the women do such hard work, but they are glad to do it for the money it brings; and even in doing such diffi-

cult tasks they are far happier than the poor little high-class women who sit with aching feet all day in their windowless homes. These women of the fields are far more independent; they lead a free, active life out of doors, and are cheery, social, and hospitable always. A marked example is "Mrs. Greatheart," who lives across the valley from us, and who comes in to "wash house" periodically. Her name is not really "Mrs. Greatheart," but some of the children of our mission mistranslated it, and their name clung to her. She is really "Big Wife," which name appertains to the wife of the oldest son always, regardless of size. Her daughter-in-law, "Stupid Dog's Wife,"—a child of fourteen or fifteen,—also comes every day to draw water for us. Mrs. Greatheart is one of those masterful women who, the world over, are bound to make things move in their sphere. She lives down in the valley with her six children, and, as Chinese women go, is thrifty and progressive, owning several sweet potato fields just below our house. It is fun to see her engineer a company of harvesters at work gathering the potatoes, shaving them, and spreading them to dry into the "sweet potato rice," upon which Chinese poor feed, if they feed at all.

We had sent for her last evening to wash for us to-day, and bright and early we heard her voice ordering the little boy cook to produce the clothes. She has a pleasant, bright face, really sweet when she smiles, though her smile has not the Christ light in it, for she has "no leisure" for worship, she says. She is much patched, but very clean in her short trousers, short blouse, and bare brown limbs and feet. The dress may be shocking to friends at home, but it would not be to any who knew the Chinese women, and found them, as a class, scrupulously modest and careful. Her hair is neatly coiled and ornamented with three great spikes of steel nearly a foot long. Our fluffy hair astonishes them; they say we never comb it. She seizes the tub under one arm, a generous bagful of laundry under the other, and with a small piece of soap makes off for the well; and in an hour the clothes are spread to dry on a neighboring lawn, with a four-year-old baby set to keep away the dogs and thieves. No paraphernalia of washers, wringers, boilers, pearline, or blueing for Mrs. Greatheart! Cold water and energy, and the work is done. The marvel of it all is that the clothes come out just as fresh as after the agony of a bath at home. Oh, China is an excellent place to learn how many things you can do without in this life!

As we went over to assist with the starching,—for she is not especially proficient in selecting the things to be starched,—I noticed her little boy of perhaps eight with his limb terribly swollen and broken out for eight or ten inches with the ugliest sore I have ever seen. That is saying a good deal after nine months' residence in China; for a heathen race is physically

most degenerate, and deformities and eruptions of the most shocking nature confront us continually. It is so rare to go on the streets without seeing something very distressing that we shrink from the ordeal sometimes if our hearts are a bit squeamish. Smallpox is so common as to excite no comment; and I have walked across the fields with a little hand in each of mine that was just peeling. But it is not so serious here as at home; at least there are hosts of things much more serious.

There are people who read the best of the Confucian or Buddhist books, and say that the ideals are good; but if such think that the heathen do very well as they are, I should like to take them for one-half hour through a Foo-chow street and let them see what life would be without any of the refinement, or health, or human kindness that have come to them through the religion of Jesus. They would need no arguments then! That is why I say it was like another planet to me here, so much more cruel and base and deformed is heathenism than my wildest imagination could picture. From the filth and disease and horrors of the streets I came in every day sick at heart, with some misgiving, I confess, at the thought of living in it forever. So much more miserable are these people than the very, very poorest at home,—so dirty, so sinful, so blind! Six hundred thousand packed away in this small city, with streets never more than six feet wide, without illumination, absolutely without drainage or sewerage; fully one third of them at the very door of starvation; thousands dying yearly from plague and cholera,—can you imagine a more pitiable people?

Every day that I have crossed the long bridge that connects two parts of the great city I have seen little blind children sitting in rags,—oh, you never *saw* rags in America!—sitting, crooning a little wail, begging for *cash*. Often I have seen young women clinging to the outside of the bridge, crying as if their hearts would break, on the point of throwing themselves in; and one day I felt I ought to speak to a poor girl there,—it was just after I came,—but I didn't know a word to say. Two minutes later she had jumped into the river. How I have always felt condemned for not, at least, showing her that somebody cared! It is a common thing to pass the body of some one who has died neglected by the way or has been killed in a street fight. I met a sweet young woman this summer who has an orphanage in which are sixty-five little girls, all rescued from death or a worse fate. Oh, the heathen city abounds in tragedies distressing beyond all possibility of description! This is what appealed to me at first with such a sickening and overwhelming force that it seemed way beyond the reach of the sublimest faith to believe that a handful of men, even though they were filled with the spirit of God, could work miracles in a land so desperately wicked.

So much that we take for granted at home,—our refinement, our fresh air, our public hospitals and asylums and almshouses, our political freedom, our just laws, and our love-hallowed homes,—we do not recognize as coming from the fact that Christ died and rose again, and that as a nation we know it. We have to go back to the place where we should have been without him to really learn what Christ has done for us. But as surely as he did it for us, he is doing it for China. As I have lived longer in the heathen country, I have not felt the heathenism less keenly, even more so, I believe; but I have seen the very miracles that seemed impossible,—men who had come from the depths of heathenism walking in bright faith and holy living, women who in a few years had thrown over all their heathen customs and had won many hearts to their Lord. One such man was our helper this summer. His father and brothers are the worst possible men, opium drunkards; but he and his good old mother are firm in the faith, and he has endured severe bodily injuries for Jesus' sake. And there are many such girls and women connected with our College, but we shall hear about them in another story.

Miss Bertha P. Reed writes:—

PAO-TING-FU, CHINA, April 12, 1903.

The openings all around here are wonderful. We were in two places where Miss Morrill had been, and we found her memory kept carefully and lovingly. In one place a woman tried to tell us how she had talked to the children and tried to quote some words,—“naughty girl,” she got it. It was very touching to come upon those little remembrances; and I shall love to visit these places when the time comes that I can talk and so can stay longer. Our dear Mrs. Wang was a valuable helper, and talked beautifully with the women, having a great gift for expression. Mrs. Perkins overheard her telling something one day that touched us very much.

Her husband—my teacher—is not a Christian, and I fear he is one of the sort who looks out pretty carefully for himself. We decided that it would be a good plan to ask him if his wife could go with us on the trip, as he might not refuse us so quickly as her. He assented very readily and smilingly. One of the Chinese had before this spoken to her about it. One day on the trip she was talking to the women about prayer and told this little story: “When I was asked to come on this trip my husband would not let me come. I wanted to very much, and I prayed about it; and that afternoon when my husband came home, he said himself that he wanted me to come.” Dear woman, she told it so gently and patiently in her sweet voice and way. They have no children; they have lost two, and they have just adopted a boy of



eleven,—a very bright, happy-faced boy,—and it was really beautiful yesterday to see Mr. Wang holding his hand as they went out of church and looking down at him with an expression of the utmost pride and joy. One would not have thought he could have such an expression. I wonder if his love for that boy may not be a help in bringing him to Jesus. I am hoping and praying that he may come, but I am not able to talk to him yet about it, so that I don't know just where he stands.

*April 15.*—Our city has been all excitement for a week from the presence of the Empress Dowager at her new palace here. She arrived on the seventh with great pomp and ceremony, and the next day eighteen extra trains brought down what was needed for the week. Of course there was a long line of princes and officials who came also. This morning they all returned to Peking, and most of the foreigners were out to see what they could. It was very interesting to see the princes and officials with their yellow jackets and peacock feathers. Yuan Shih K'ai greeted the foreign group very cordially and stopped to talk with some of them. He is a fine-looking man, with a face that we all admired for its bright, active expression.

We saw the Empress quite plainly. She stood at the window of her decorated car as the train moved out, and bowed and smiled cordially also toward the foreigners. She is a woman of ordinary height and size, and has a remarkably strong face, with a Roman nose and strong chin; her profile is much like that of Queen Victoria. She is seventy, yet she does not look very old. I was surprised at her face,—it was stronger and more sensible than one would expect, and I am finding it hard now to reconcile it with the frivolous freaks which she is constantly planning and carrying out. If only her strength could be turned in a better direction, how much she could accomplish! It is sad to think what sums of money have been spent on this palace and on the preparations for her coming,—and all for a week's stay,—when the empire is in such need of money, yet she is forceful enough to insist on it all. You have probably seen society dowagers in Boston who look much like her. I have seen women with just such faces in America.

#### INDIA.

In a letter from Madura, dated April 1st, Miss Helen Chandler gives a vivid picture of one of the times of perplexity and distress through many of which our missionaries must pass.

Between eleven and twelve I was called by the school matron because one of the girls was very sick and she wanted to take her to the hospital. Once the word came that coolies were needed to rub the girl, and hearing this I feared cholera, but was not sure. In the morning word came that

she was better, but it was only to go into eternal rest. Then Dr. Young told me that it was cholera; this of course made everyone anxious, but the girls kept very quiet, and it was fortunate that many were away. Sunday morning while they were burying the dead two more girls came down, and were at once taken away and isolated. A girl who had gone to her father in Pasumalai was also sick, and this did not lessen our anxiety. Sunday night two more fell sick and had to be kept here till morning. Then came a testing,—those who should have helped drew back, but some had no fear and watched all night. By this time the girls were in a panic, especially as the matron gave out through fear just at the critical moment. The authorities declared that twenty-one days must elapse before the contagion would be surely over, so we sent everyone home as soon as possible. Several cases developed among them after going home, and there were thirteen cases and three deaths in all. The epidemic did not spread beyond our schoolgirls, and we do not know what caused the outbreak. It may have been the drinking of river water, but we are not sure.

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## GLIMPSES OF OTHER WORKERS.

BY MRS. J. O. MEANS.

**THE PHILIPPINES.** Dr. Pentecost's visit to these islands has given a great impetus to the mission work. There are three churches in Manila city, with four hundred and sixty-nine members. Dr. Pentecost arrived at Hong Kong, February tenth, and has held large meetings in theatres, halls, and churches. The Hong Kong papers speak in glowing terms of his work.

**CHINA.** A new Pao-ting-fu has arisen from the ashes of the old. Nearly all the buildings of the Presbyterian Mission have been completed. The city church is crowded every Sunday, and the street chapel is crowded every day with respectable men, including many merchants.

**MANCHURIA.** The eyes of the civilized world are now turned upon Manchuria, and this fact gives especial interest to a paper in the *Missionary Herald* of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, written by Dr. Greig, one of its missionaries. He speaks of "Mission Work in Manchuria from Various Standpoints." We summarize his statements: 1. The Russian officials are socially friendly and avail themselves of the medical aid of the missionaries, do not try to inflict the Greek Church form of worship upon the Chinese, and have often shown kindness to Christian converts. 2. The

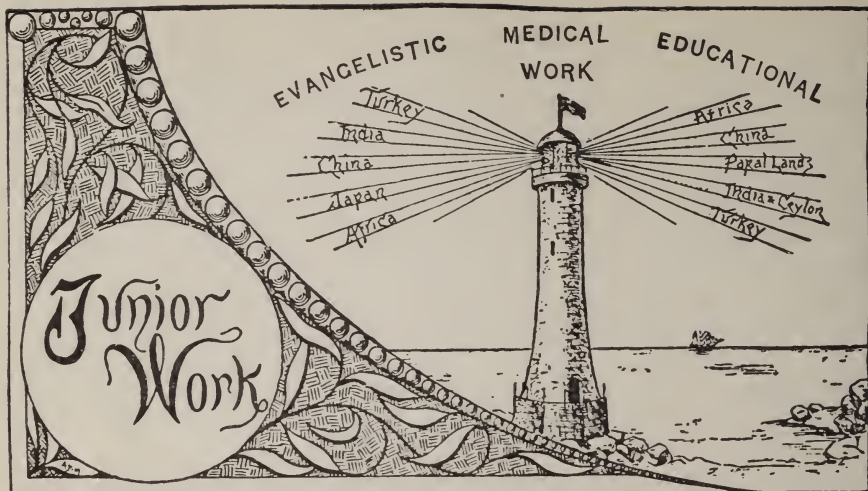
Chinese government seems less hostile than formerly. The Tartar general and chief magistrates visit the missionaries. Seeing that they have come to stay they now mean to make the best of it. Not that they like us any better; the change has been brought about by force. 3. The Chinese people hate foreigners, but they like to come to our chapels, and there they hear much that unsettles their previous opinions. 4. The press is much more just. Representing the views of the foreign communities in China, it acknowledges the good done by our missions, and calls us the pioneers of civilization. Dr. Greig closes by looking at the work from Christ's standpoint. "Notwithstanding Boxers, political opposition, race hatred, superstition, and all the powers of evil, we believe in the United States of the World, under the Prince of Peace. We shall one day hear the grand chorus, 'Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'"

UGANDA. Bishop Tucker reports a wonderful service held last Christmas Day in the new cathedral at Mengo, when 6,000 people were gathered inside and outside its walls. Ten hundred and forty-nine communicants met around the Lord's Table.

ON THE CONGO. The Southern Presbyterians rejoice over a year of blessing here; 737 having been received to their churches on confession of faith. The native evangelists show an untiring zeal, and are doing a splendid work. As a result of the personal labors of converts who have returned to their far-away villages, people from far and near are asking that the missionaries should go and tell them of Christ.

*Christian Literature in India.*—The number of readers in India has increased tenfold in the last fifty years, says *The Zenana*, and to meet their needs, publications of all sorts, and the larger part hostile to Christianity, are issued in rapidly increasing quantities. The Christians of India have only a small amount of helpful reading, and their need of such spiritual nourishment is so great that an organized scheme for supplying it was inaugurated at the Decennial Conference of all India missions in 1892.

India has been divided into seventeen language areas, and for each area a committee has been appointed. A general committee, composed of the chairmen of these committees and of others who may render aid, is formed, and will see to the production of new books and to the choice of such as are suitable for translation.



To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77

### HELPS FOR LEADERS.

#### THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE Sunday school is a training class where the scholars are to be prepared for service in the great work of the church—the giving of the life we have in Christ Jesus to those who know him not. So long as the logical complement of “Learn of Me” is “Teach all peoples,” missionary work will be the natural expression of a true study of God’s word; and the child who learns in Sunday school that it is as much his duty to give the knowledge of God unto others as to grow himself, will bring in the new day of a progressive church abroad adequately supported by the church at home. Very little has been done by us to cultivate this field and produce the supply of missionary life it should yield. Special lessons or organization are infrequent, but the greatest force in the Sunday school is the individual teacher, and her opportunity is unlimited. A teaching which centers the scholar’s thought upon himself creates the narrow and self-centered church that hinders the growth of spiritual life in the world; but there is rarely a lesson lacking the suggestion of broader life for self and others, some missionary application, and the teacher who brings it to her class week by week and so leads them into the wider meaning of the Kingdom of God and their part in it, uses the strongest influence for the increase of spiritual life.

Simple stories of the strange people in foreign lands appeal vividly to young imaginations, while the heroism and achievements of modern church

history present to boys and girls a deep reason for taking part in it themselves. The children who hear something every week of the multitudes ignorant of the love of Christ, and who learn to pray they may be taught, will also learn to bring the gift to help answer their prayers. We know a primary department where the children love the giving better than any other exercise of the hour. A few appropriate sentences give the ceremony due importance, and there is no doubt of its meaning when every Sunday they say, "This money is to help the children in Alaska and Turkey." The mite box to keep for a few months, the class envelope, the collection card, all help to form the habit of giving; but teaching people to care to give helps far more, and any child will learn more quickly if he knows his money goes to do good in some definite place than if it apparently disappears forever in the basket or superintendent's pocket.

Bible cards and picture rolls have a great value in all mission fields, and there must be many laid away here that might be leading a new career abroad. The child who tries to keep her own card smooth and clean for the sake of some little Hindu or Chinese, is learning a lesson in tidiness as well as unselfishness and will follow the card with more thought. Your class of boys or girls would enjoy meeting together to study some special country, to make little things to sell here or to send to some far-away school for a Christmas box. Every class should be organized as a missionary society. The need of the work is wider than the training of the Mission Circle or Junior Endeavor; the church needs the help of all her children to sustain it. They are brought together in the Sunday school, if anywhere, and here is a great opportunity to transform them into the workers the church lacks.

H. S. L.

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## OUR WIDOWS.

BY MISS ANSTICE ABBOTT.

(Translation by Mrs. A. E. Dean.)

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER VI.

NARAYANRAO stopped nearly every day to inquire for his mother on his way home from his office, and tried with loving words and kind services to win her to himself and the Christian religion. Rukmabai grew thinner and weaker, but with no illness, but was growing weaker. Her temper became variable. Sometimes she behaved very affectionately toward her son, and even looked at her daughter-in-law in a humble, tender way; and then suddenly would show great anger, and abuse both of them so terribly that they fled from her presence.

One day, without any sign of rain, a great wind arose, and suddenly there came down such a shower that Narayan was drenched to the skin on his way home; but he stopped, as usual, to see his mother, expecting to stay only a moment. She detained him a long time—now calm, now excited, now giving kind advice, and again hurling curses at him one after another in a perfect torrent. It seemed to him she must really be insane. He stayed until, fearing a chill, he dared not stay longer, and tore himself away. Chandri was in great anxiety when she saw her husband's condition. She did all she could to make him comfortable, but that day was one in which incipient disease had taken root. He was better soon and returned to his work as usual, but he often had ill turns. Several weeks passed in this way, when one evening he was brought home in a raging fever—too ill to exert himself. He took his bed and never left it, till taken away to his last resting-place.

All that love and physicians could do was done for him. The missionaries and his Christian friends came to see him and to minister to his comfort. Brahmins, his childhood friends and those in business with him, visited him—so loving and lovely he was.

As for Chandri, the days and nights were alike to her; she was ever lovingly at his side. The veil of anxiety was over her sweet face, but with great effort she hid her feelings from him, and after a fit of weeping she always returned smilingly to his presence. She read to him every day from the Scriptures and other books. Other friends did him like favors. After a time he could only talk with difficulty, but his face lighted up with joy when some one read the story of Christ. He could say with the Psalmist, "Thy word is sweet to my tongue, yea, sweeter than honey to my taste."

Rukmabai's state of mind was very extraordinary at this time. Sometimes it seemed as if her hatred was increasing, but although she spoke and looked angry, her heart was melting as she thought of the suffering of her only son. His love and compassion and sympathy would sometimes overcome her like a flood, and she would give way to her grief. At these times the memory of her ill treatment of him filled her with remorse. She was very careful, however, not to show these motherly feelings, but suppressing them, talked and acted all the worse.

Since her son had become a Christian and moved to another house, she had not darkened his door, but her thoughts were with him and she heard every day as to his condition. His repeated messages to come to see him almost decided her to go, but she could not bring herself to it. One day Rukmabai heard that there was no hope of his recovery, and he was calling her. A mother's love! How could she resist? She got up at once, and

with throbbing heart went to him. As she went near the door she heard the voice of a gentleman, and going into the kitchen stood behind the door. As she came in quietly and unannounced no one heard her, for all were interested, as the missionary was reading and explaining from the Scriptures. The Prodigal Son was a favorite story of Narayan's and this was what he was reading. He was reading of the return of the prodigal as the mother came in; she was attracted, and soon sat down and listened with all attention. When the missionary stopped, Narayan in a hollow voice said, "What a beautiful story! I was just such a lost son, was I not? Now when I go to Him, he will receive me with joy"—and then stopping a moment he said, "God my Father, where is Balkrishna? My dear little child! Where is he? I want to bring him to Thee." Then looking at Chandri said with the beauty of love and sweetness on his face, "Perhaps God has already taken our boy to himself and I shall soon see my darling, shall I not?" As he turned his eyes toward his wife, the mother could see his face. How changed! How thin! How very pale he looked, and his beautiful eyes—how large! Forgetting herself, she arose and going directly to her son she put her hand on him and burst into violent weeping. The missionary and Chandri fearing the effect of the excitement moved nearer, but he motioned them to let her alone. He wiped her eyes with his wasted hand, and with gentle words caressed her, but Rukmabai's grief could not be lessened. She buried her face in the bedclothes on his chest and kept on weeping. Every now and then she was saying something of which only a few words could be understood. Now and then such ejaculations as these could be heard: "Burn! May my mouth be burned! Why did I not die at my birth? Kill me! Give me away! What is the use of such a sinne. living?" Seeing that Narayanrao was unable to bear this, the missionary tenderly but firmly drew her away and tried to comfort her, but she suddenly jumped up and ran out of the house. The next day a messenger was sent to say that her son was worse, but her door was locked. The neighbors had not noticed her going away, and Chandri's heart sank within her. She had been very much touched with the grief of the old mother. She was a wise woman and kept all anxiety and fears to herself, and did not allow her husband to hear a syllable. He thought his mother did not wish to see him again, and this alone was his sorrow.

In four or five days, early one morning, a friend of Chandri's came in great haste and said: "Come quickly, Rukmabai calls you. Come this moment!" Chandri was very much astonished. She left a friend to watch her husband and rushed off. On the way she asked several questions, but the woman said, "Oh, nothing, walk along and see for yourself." This is

all she could get out of her. She trembled as she came to the house, and climbed the well-known stairway and went into the familiar room. She thought, "My mother-in-law is probably dying, and wants to see me once more." She found her in a corner with her head down, and said with great tenderness: "What is the matter? Do you not feel well? Why did you call me?" Without looking up she mumbled: "What could matter to me now? Such a demon as I will have a thousand years more of misery! I am the murderer of my child! How can even death touch me now! Lift me! Lift! Carry off this scolding demon and throw it away!" Chandri thought her insane. In a soft voice she said: "Why do you think such things! How will you kill your son? God himself is calling him home. You may yet make him happy. Accept of the Lord in whom he fully believes. He is the Saviour of all. In this way his joy will be full." Hearing this, Rukmabai cried out: "What, save me? My salvation? Will anyone in this world be saved?" Then lifting her eyes a moment she looked at Chandri in a most earnest yet curious way and said, "Will he live if he sees his son once more?" All the doubts and hopes of the past years seemed to come before Chandri and she was overcome. With hope, anxiety and loving tenderness she screamed out: "Tell me where he is! Where is he? Where is my child? Bring him, give me my own at once!" She got hold of her mother-in-law's shoulder, shook it and said: "Oh, do you hear? Get up now this minute and give me my child!"

(To be continued.)

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## Our Work at Home.

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"MORE THAN ENOUGH."

BY MRS. C. F. DOLE.

THERE is one beautiful story in the old book of Exodus which stands out as a refreshment in a record of much that was childish, unreasonable and ungrateful in the conduct and spirit of a people who had just been rescued from the hard bondage of Egypt. It concerns the offerings that were made for the building of the tabernacle in the wilderness. It may have some lessons for us in this later day of fuller light and greater privilege. Shall we recall it?

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take an offering."

Does the Lord, then, decline all apathetic, unwilling or stinted offerings?



"And this is the offering which ye shall take of them: gold, and silver, and brass, blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil and for sweet incense, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod and in the breastplate, and let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them."

Then follows the pattern after which this sanctuary was to be made, as the Lord directed Moses.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: See, I have called by name Bezaleel, and I have filled him with the spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab; and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded them." And Moses gathered all the congregation of the people, and spake unto them, saying: "This is the thing which the Lord commandeth: take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord; whosoever is of a willing heart let him bring it, an offering of the Lord."

He then gives them the list of the materials required, as the Lord had specified. The story goes on.

"And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses."

Did they demur at this call for their gold and silver and precious stones, and the other materials? No. What can be more beautiful than the very words of our story?

"They came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering. They came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord." There were skins brought of rich colors, and blue, and scarlet, and purple, and fine linen, brass and shittim wood. It is said also that "the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun"—linen of rich colors. So they brought a willing offering unto the Lord, "every man and woman whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work which the Lord commanded to be made."

And now we come to the final ending of our story.

"Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that the Lord had commanded. And Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom, even every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it; and they received from Moses all the offering which the children of Israel had brought for the work of the service of the sanctuary, to make it withal. And they brought yet unto him free offerings every morning, and all the wise men that wrought all the work of the sanctuary, came every man from his work and spake unto Moses, saying, the people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make. And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed, let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing. For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much.

Such was the enthusiastic, worthy response of the children of Israel to the call of Moses for the offerings required in the building of what is elsewhere called "a worldly sanctuary," which later on was to be superseded by the

temple at Jerusalem,—that finally to be destroyed utterly,—and so the building went on without delay, or any embarrassment for lack of means, to its completion.

Christ, who loved us and gave himself for us, who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich, calls upon all his followers at this day for offerings, not for the building of a sanctuary of temporary duration, but a sanctuary for him in human hearts to endure forever to his glory. What is our response to his call? Where are the willing-hearted in our churches? And why should not every member be of this number? Where are the gifts,—the free-will, generous gifts? What if the joyful announcement could go forth this very year: The treasury of the Lord for sending the gospel to the world is full, is overflowing! The means for present needs are ample. The moving appeals of our missionaries for important equipments for their expanding work can be met. Many helpers can be sent out to the whitening fields to the relief of the toil-worn laborers, and the work can go on prosperously. O the joy of it! Would it not seem to those who make the appropriations for our mission fields, often with anxious, aching hearts on account of inadequate means, like a very dream of paradise? Why should it be a dream? Why not a blessed reality?

“The wise man that wrought the work, came to Moses saying, The people bring much more than enough for the work that the Lord commanded. So the people were restrained from bringing!”

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### OUR PRAYER CALENDAR FOR JULY.

“THE isles shall wait for me” was the promise in the vision of the prophet, and our calendar for July turns our thought first to our workers who are toiling to hasten the Lord’s coming to the islands of the Pacific.

Miss Foss and Miss Palmer have charge of women’s work and of the girls’ school, Miss Foss, whom we remember as the sister of Mrs. Rand, also visiting the adjacent islands to guide and encourage those who are trying to be Christians. We remember Miss Palmer’s heroism when the station was attacked by Spanish forces, and she, the only missionary there, stood bravely at her post, sheltering the natives who turned to her for protection. Mrs. Gray is still new in the field, but shows good courage in all hardships and much love for the people.

The Misses Baldwin, sisters, receive no salary for their services, and have charge of the girls’ school at Ruk, with about forty pupils. They are devoted and successful, and grow continually more hopeful as they serve and love. Miss Elizabeth Baldwin is feeling the effect of long overwork,

and the sisters will soon come to this country. Mrs. Stimson, maker of a Christian home, itself a light in the darkness, will take charge of the girls' school during the absence of the Misses Baldwin.

Mrs. Channon, besides the care of a large household, assists in the charge of the training school for Gilbert Islands, and is continually advising and helping the girls in the schools and the wives of the preachers. Mrs. Rife, busy in her own home duties, gives sympathy and cheer to all the mission, her husband's profession as physician affording her many an open door for service. Miss Hoppin has charge of the girls' school at Kusaie, with Miss Olin and Miss Wilson as associates. As the sculptor sees the statue in the marble block, so Miss Hoppin sees in the dull, unattractive native girl the Christian woman of the future, and no effort seems to her too great if it help to make the vision a reality. Miss Olin, energetic, versatile, though a teacher of the girls' school, took excellent care of the young men's training school during the recent absence of Dr. Rife. Miss Wilson is the beloved and invaluable assistant of Miss Hoppin. The girls' school at Kusaie finds its chief work in training Christian girls to be real helpmeets to the native teachers and preachers who, without such wives, are easily drawn down again to heathenism. Between forty and fifty girls, selected from all the islands, gather here.

Mrs. Bingham, a veteran missionary of nearly fifty years' experience, is still at work in life's afternoon, sharing her husband's literary tasks, preparing arithmetics, geographies, and other school books for the islanders she knows and loves so well. Mrs. Gulick, Mrs. Hyde, and Mrs. Leadingham have done noble service, and will be a great power in the Hawaiian Islands, —work that now belongs to home rather than to foreign missions.

Mrs. Price and Mrs. Logan, mother and daughter, share the honor and the toil of pioneer missionary work in Guam, our new island. The work is well begun, and we may hope to have schools there ere long. Guam is the only one of the Ladrone group belonging to us, but we may well send up a sincere prayer for all benighted ones dwelling in those islands.

Miss Jane Chapin, a veteran in China, had charge of the Bridgman School for girls for many years. She is still there, half teacher, half mother, giving love and counsel to all the girls, and, with her steady good sense and serene mature Christian spirit, her very presence is a help. Miss Sheffield, whose kindergarten work was broken up by the Boxers, has been helping recently in the Bridgman School. We expect that presently her wedding bells will ring, but though she makes a new home, she will still be a part of our North China Mission. Miss Russell gives her strength largely to evangelistic work, going with trusty native helpers to the villages, often living

among the people for weeks, and winning abundant confidence and love. Miss Patterson's work in teaching has been sadly disturbed by the troubles, but new doors are opening, and she will do much for the girls of China. She has also care of work for women. Mrs. Mateer and Mrs. McCann are missionaries' wives, and their part, though not conspicuous, is most essential. Mrs. Ament, worthy wife of a heroic missionary, shares, guides, restrains, and inspires the labors of her associates. She also does much evangelistic work, and is a great force in the mission.

Mrs. Goodrich, now in this country, but to return during the summer to her work, teaches station classes, works much among women, and is a guide and a model to the wives of native preachers. Miss Andrews teaches in the girls' school, and also is a professor in the theological seminary, teaching the young men Bible history and literature. Miss Abbie Chapin, born a missionary child, is an evangelist, having rare success in reaching the people, who are very fond and proud of her as one of their own. Miss Evans is most invaluable as matron in the North China College, giving to the young men most useful training in practical ways. Miss Miner, an excellent Chinese scholar and a brilliant writer, is now in this country, but will soon return. Mrs. Tewksbury adds to the care of her children many helpful missionary words and deeds among her husband's students.

Mrs. Sheffield finds her medical knowledge most useful, and also teaches. Mrs. Galt, new to the field, begins work with love and courage. Mrs. Wilder and Mrs. Ingram both show the light of Christian wives and mothers, helping in every good work, a blessing to all around.

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#### BOOK NOTICES.

*Winter India.* By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of *China, the Long-lived Empire; Java, the Garden of the East*, etc. 8vo., 400 pp., with index and thirty-nine illustrations from photographs and drawings. Price, \$2 net. New York, The Century Co.

This is a most attractive book, in its clear type, unhackneyed illustrations, copious index, and such press work generally as one would expect from the Century Co.

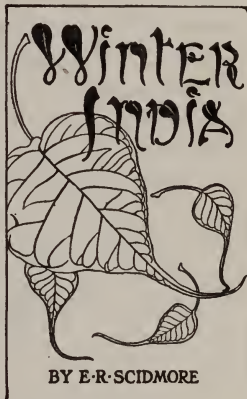
Whoever has followed Miss Scidmore in her magazine articles and published works has been conscious of steady improvement in the art of selection from the riches which embarrass most travelers, and the capacity to make her readers see what she found worth seeing. It is by no means a book on missions or missionary work in India. In the index one finds two pages on which missions are mentioned. In describing the Temple of

Madura, Miss Scidmore says: "One meets there the India of the Sunday-school books, and is appalled with the seeming hopelessness of the missionary's task, of the impossibility of ever making any impression upon such a people, of coping with such superstition. Yet the American Mission in Madura is one of the largest and most successful in India, and in this Southern presidency one fifth of the people are Christians."

The only remaining allusion to missions in this book of four hundred pages is in regard to the statement of a Catholic priest whom the author met at the station of Trichinopoly. "He told of some of the great successes in mission work in the South; how whole villages have become Christians when the priest permits them to retain their caste," and he adds the complacent statement that: "It is among our converts, or in places where we have worked before them, that your Protestant missionaries have most success."

As one can never thoroughly appreciate and understand Dickens until one has spent some months in London, so Miss Scidmore thinks that a visit to India is necessary to appreciate Kipling, and also that Kipling is the one to reveal Indian character to the visitor.

So it seems to me, to comprehend India even faintly, it is important to read Wm. Butler's *Land of the Veda*; Bishop Hurst's *Indika*; Dr. Jones' *India's Problem*; Mrs. Fuller's *Wrongs of Indian Womanhood*; Pundita Ramabai's *High-Caste Hindu Women*; Cornelia Sorabji's *Love and Life Behind the Purdah*; Kipling's stories; and the books of many travelers which are constantly dropping from the press, and one of the most notable of this latter class is Miss Scidmore's *Winter India*.



G. H. C.

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#### SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

*Harper's Weekly* has been printing articles favorable to the present policy of Russia in Manchuria, which are interesting reading. See especially (May 9th) a letter from the editor of the *Novoe Vrenuja*, St. Petersburg's largest paper. See also the *Nation* (May 21st) "Russian Rights in Manchuria."

The weekly comment of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Outlook* are valuable in following the course of foreign affairs.

Leong Kai Chew, a leading Chinese reformer who has been making a tour of this country, discusses "The Awakening of China" in the *Independent*, May 28th.

The German plan for an overland route in India, the proposed Bagdad railway, is elaborately discussed from an English point of view in the May *Contemporary Review*, "Foreign Affairs."

An interesting summary of the present Philippine situation is given under "Notes of Colonies and Colonial Government," *Annals of the American Academy* for May. These notes may be consulted monthly for reliable information on our colonies.

The *Outlook* has been printing a series of articles on "Colonial Administration," by a leading authority. The third, on "British North Borneo," appears May 9th. Previous articles have been "Introductory," November 22, 1902; "Hongkong," November 29, 1902.

The translator of the Chinese Bible, the heroic Bishop Schereschewsky, is the subject of an article in the *Churchman*, May 23d. See also *The Spirit of Missions* for April.

"The Difficulties Which Hinder the Acceptance of Christianity in Japan," was the subject of a recent lecture at Chicago University, by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. See comment in the *Outlook*, May 30th, "Buddhism in Japan."

E. B. B.

*Everybody's* for June contains a most interesting article, profusely illustrated, entitled "Twice Born," telling of child life among the Brahmins in India.

## TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

### TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

"Personal Memories of Missionaries."

For a midsummer meeting what could be more attractive than the subject arranged by our Committee, "Personal Memories of Missionaries,"—those whom we have known, whom we have seen and heard, whose printed words have touched our hearts.

The current number of *LIFE AND LIGHT* contains two articles, which will be helpful to leaders, on "What the Missionary Does for us," and "What We Do for the Missionary."

Our subject admits of great variety, and each auxiliary will doubtless have its own treasure of memory to draw upon. From the homes of the families in our churches have gone forth the noble men and women who have been our representatives on the fields in the past half century. Let us call their names, and lay upon the graves of those who have finished their work words of love and appreciation. Then, too, let us bring before us those who are still at work, and let us get so close to some of them that it will be a joy to share in their support.

May we suggest a few names of those whose lives are especially full of opportunities for great service, and in whom the uninterested will find some things which cannot be found in secular literature.

Of Mrs. Emily N. Montgomery, now fallen on sleep, it was said she had led more people to Christ than any other person of her time. Miss Mary Morrill and Miss Anna Gould sealed their devotion to Christ by the martyr's death. Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick has brought Christianity and education to Spanish girls, and is still waiting for the necessary endowment to carry on the work in the new quarters in Madrid. Miss Patrick, Miss Fensham, Miss Penrose, Miss Powers and others are doing grand work at the American College for Girls at Constantinople.

Miss Corinne Shattuck at Oorfa; Miss Huntington and Miss Bush at Harpoot; Miss Foreman at Aintab; Miss Closson, just returned from more than thirty years service at Cesarea; Miss Diadem Bell, just gone to Central Africa; Dr. Julia Bissell returned for rest in this country, and Dr. Ruth Hume, just putting on the armor; Miss Ellen M. Stone, grand and powerful in her restored freedom; Dr. Harriet E. Parker, of India; Mrs. Goodrich, Miss Evans, Miss Andrews, Miss Miner, Miss Bertha Reed, of Pao-ting-fu,—each and all are most attractive, and are sure to arouse enthusiasm if their story is told and their work understood.

As we read of their devotion may we not pray for definite blessings on them.

1. For their spiritual and bodily health and strength.
2. For the power of the Spirit in their lives.
3. That they may be comforted in the separation from parents, children and friends.
4. That they may have a joy in service.
5. That they may lead many to a knowledge of Christ.

M. J. B.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from April 18 to May 18, 1903.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

*Eastern Maine Branch.*—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Bangor, Central Ch., Aux., 5, Jr. Aux., 10, S. S., 50; Belfast, Aux., 28; Calais, Aux., 26.75; Dover, Aux., 10; Fort Fairfield, Aux., 14; Garland, Aux., 7.38; Greenville, Aux., 5; Hampden, Aux., 45, Mission Circle, 10, C. E., 5; Houlton, Miss's Union, 18.50; Island Falls, 1; Rockland, Woman's Asso., 20; South West Harbor and Bass Harbor, Chs., 12; Union, Aux., 5, 272 63

*Western Maine Branch.*—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Auburn, High St. Ch., 12, Aux., 13; Augusta, 7; Brunswick, Aux., 60; Centre Lebanon, 50 cts.; Cumberland Centre, Aux., 15; East Stoneham, Aux., 2.25; Fryeburg, Aux., 5; Gorham, C. E., 1; Harpswell Centre, Aux., 10; Harpswell, North, Cradle Roll, 10; Lowell, Aux., 55; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Cradle Roll, 85 cts.; New Gloucester, Cradle Roll, 25 cts.; North Waterford, Aux., 1.25; Phippsburg, Ladies, 6.80; Pownal, 25 cts.; Portland, High St. Ch., Aux., 59.40, Second Parish Ch., Aux., 61.72, St. Lawrence Ch., Aux., 10.50, West Cong. Ch., 5; South Berwick, 29.55; Waterford, 18; Westbrook, 3.50; West Falmouth, Second Cong. Ch., 12. Less expenses, 15.51, 384 31

Total, 656 94

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*New Hampshire Branch.*—Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Barrington, C. E. Soc., 4; Brookline, Aux., 8; Derry, Central Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Henniker, C. E. Soc., 35; Keene, First Ch., M. C., 10, Cradle

Roll, 11.40, Second Ch., M. C., 3; Lisbon, Miss Mary Cummings, 10, Aux., 1.25; Meredith, Aux., 7; Newport, Newport Workers, Aux., 5; Oxford, C. E. Soc., 5; Portsmouth, Rogers Mission Circle, 40; Rindge, Aux., 1.15, 150 80

Total, 150 80

VERMONT.

*Marshfield.*—Four Junior Endeavorers, 1 00  
*Vermont Branch.*—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bellows Falls (const. L. M.'s Mrs. John Splen and Mrs. Edward Arms), Th. Off., 54 21; Burlington, First Ch., 33.75; Cambridge, 5; Fairfield Centre, 3; Fairlee, 15; Jeffersonville, 4.50; Jericho, Second Ch., 7; Middlebury (with prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Miss Mary G. Higley, Mrs. W. H. Brewster, Mrs. E. H. Thomas, Mrs. Cornelia Jane), 88.80; Plainfield, Aux., 1, S. S., 55 cts.; Randolph, Ways and Means, 10, Aux., 20; Springfield, 40; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., 12; Townsend, Th. Off., 4; Vergennes, Ladies, 3; Waterbury, 13.52 315 33

Total, 316 33

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend, 50 00  
*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Ballardvale, Ladies' Aid, 7, Children's Aid, 2, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Bedford, United Workers (const. L. M. Mrs. Jennie Clark), 25; Lexington, Hancock Ch., Aux., 25, Prim. S. S., 5; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux., 1, Union Ch., Int. C. E. Soc., 4, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Melrose, Jr. C. E., 10; Melrose, Aux., 16.45;

- Reading, Aux., 35.20; Stoneham, First Ch., Jr. C. E., 10; Wakefield, Aux. 3.30, First Ch., Jr. C. E., 10; Winchester, First Ch., Mizpah Circle of King's Dau., 20; Woburn, Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs. Mary Penfield Norton), 25, 208 95  
*Auburndale.*—Lasell Seminary, Miss. Soc., 15 00  
*Barnstable Co. Branch.*—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, Aux., 1; Harwich, 22.25; North Falmouth, Mrs. Mary W. Donkin, 22; Yarmouth, Aux., 5, 50 25  
*Berkshire Branch.*—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas. Two Friends, 250; Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., Aux., 16; Housatonic, Aux., 20.70; Monterey, Aux., 21.80; Peru, Top Twig M. C., 2, 310 50  
*Cambridgeport.*—A Friend, 40  
*Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Amesbury, Union Ch., Aux., 12; Bradford, Aux., 60.24, Bee Hive Soc., 3; Boxford, Aux., 5; Boxford, West, Aux., 40; Georgetown, First Ch., Aux., 25; Haverhill, Centre Ch., Aux., 50, Harriet Newell Mission Circle, 15, North Ch., Aux., 73.75; Haverhill, West, Aux., 21.23; Ipswich, First Ch., Aux., 32, S. S., 2; Newburyport, Aux., 16.33, Campbell M. B., 5; Powell Missy's Soc., 10, Prospect St. Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; South Byfield, Aux., 21.25, 396 80  
*Essex South Branch.*—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Dime Offering, 1.10; Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 29, Y. P. Missy's Soc., 2.78, Washington St. Ch., Aux., 5; Danvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 33.79; Gloucester, Aux., 31.70; Lynn, First Ch., Aux., 20; Lynnfield, South, Aux., 2; Marblehead, Aux., 12.65; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., Aux., 16, Tabernacle Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 10; Saugus, Aux., 5.30; Swampscott, Aux., 23.73, 193 05  
*Franklin Co. Branch.*—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. (United const. L. M.'s Mrs. Cora M. Cheney, Miss Mary E. Clapp, Mrs. Sarah Norton, Mrs. Winfred Gould, Mrs. Jennie Williams, Mrs. Charlotte E. Hawley, Mrs. Eva S. Durgan); Buckland, Aux., 28.75; Conway, 19; Deerfield, 17.50; Erving, Ladies, 3.39, S. S., 1.25; Greenfield, 71.75, Prim. Dept., S. S., 2.81; Miller's Falls, Ladies, 3.63; Montague, Ladies, 12.05, Y. L. Club, 5; Northfield, Aux., 25.03; Orange, 40, Little Light Bearers, 2.67; Shelburne, Aux., 32.66; Shelburne Falls, Aux., 64.50, Prim. Dept., S. S., 5; South Deerfield, Aux., 21; Sunderland, Aux., 5.10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Wendell, S. S., 1.50; Whately, 18.10, S. S., 7, 389 69  
*Hampshire Co. Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, Aux. (const. L. M.'s Mrs. Thomas Campbell, Mrs. George Cutler, Mrs. Ellen Park Harris), 260.26, Jr., 62.87; Amherst, North, Aux., 9; Amherst, South, Aux. (const. L. M. Miss Mary H. Atkins), 52.50; Enfield, Aux., 1.55; Granby, Aux., 36, Light Bearers, 5; Northampton, A Friend, 80 cts., Edwards Ch., Aux., 29.40, Jr. Aux., 45, First Ch., Aux., 276; Williamsburg, Aux., 16.50, 794 88  
*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Holliston, First Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; South Framingham, Aux., 25, 30 00  
*Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 70; East Milton, Aux., 4; East Norfolk, C. E. Union, 38; East Weymouth, C. E. Soc., 10; Hanover, Aux., 4.40; Hanson, Aux., 2; Hingham, S. S., 5; Kingston, Aux., 15; Milton, First Evan. Ch., S. S., 5; Plymouth, Second Cong. Ch., Cradle Roll, 1; Quincy, Bethany Ch., C. E. Soc., 20; Rockland, C. E. Soc., 1; Westiston, Aux., 1.16; Whitman, Aux., 15; Holbrook, Sunshine Band, 5, 191 56  
*North Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Lydia R. Hudson, Treas. Ashby, Woman's Union, 23.35; Concord, Aux., 14.55, C. E. Soc., 2.91, S. S. Asso., 5.82; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 73.03, 119 66  
*Old Colony Branch.*—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas. Rochester, 2.25, 2 25  
*Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Agawam, C. E. Soc., 10; Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 7.35; Holyoke, Grace Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Indian Orchard, Mrs. T. L. Pease, 15, Aux., 4.10; Willing Helpers, 1.52; Mittineague, Aux., 25; Springfield, Faith Ch., Aux., 16, First Ch., Aux., 5.10, Hope Ch., Woman's Bible Class, 5, Mission Reserves (const. L. M. Miss Ada E. Janes), 25, Cheerful Workers, 5; West Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 1.35, 125 42  
*Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Mary L. Pelkey, Treas. Allston, Aux., 66.35; Arlington, Bradshaw Missy's Asso., 70; Auburndale, Jr. Aux., 2.65, S. S., 12; Boston, John Noyes Colby, 1, Central Ch., Aux., 35, Jr. Aux., 12, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 46.85, Helpers, 40, Walden Porter Hobbs, 1, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 39; Cambridge, North Ave. Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 3, Prospect St. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 20; Chelsea, Central Ch., Jr. C. E., 5, Third Ch., Aux., 1.50; Clarendon Hills, Jr. C. E., 4; Dedham, Aux., 70; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux., 4.25, S. S., 10, Harvard Ch., 12, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 40 cts., Second Ch., Y. L. Aux., 5, Village Ch., 47.50; Everett, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 1.04, Jr. C. E., 3; Franklin, C. E. Soc., 10; Hyde Park, First Ch., Jr. C. E., 15; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Dau. of Cov., 6.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Medfield, Aux., Th. Off., 4; Neponset, Trinity Ch., S. S., 10.26, Prim. Dept., 3.20; Newton, Eliot Aids, 41, Second Ch., Red Banks Soc., 35; Newton Centre, Maria B. Furber Missy's Soc., 1.50; Newton Highlands, Aux., 24.09; Newtonville, Central Ch., Helpers, 3; Norwood, First Ch., Aux., 18, C. E. Soc., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Roslindale, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Prim. Dept., S. S., 15; Roxbury, Highland Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Immanuel Ch., S. S., 8.36, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 85.55, Y. L. Soc., 60.10, C. E. Soc., 50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3, Prim. Dept., S. S., 2; Somerville, Miss Helen J. Sanborn, 10; Broadway Cong. Ch., Aux., 26.40, Masters Converse and Stanley Hill, Miss Edith Hill, Miss Helen Whitaker, 1, Earnest Workers, 25, Franklin St. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Highland Ch., Alden Missy's Band, 2, Aux., 13, Prospect Hill Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 10, Phillips Chapel, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Waltham, Carrier Pigeons, 5; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux. (const. L. M. Miss Annie Stockin), 25, 1,070 50  
*Wellesley.*—Temple and Paul Ingraham, 1; Miss Hannah H. Rollins, 15, 16 00



<i>Westboro.</i> —Annie Rich Newcomb,	51
<i>Worcester.</i> —Miss Emily C. Wheeler,	5 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Ida L. Be-	
ment, Treas. Clinton, Pro Christo Soc.,	
4, Bible Class, 6; Gardner, Aux., 5;	
North Brookfield, Aux., 25; Royalston,	
Aux., 3.10; Southbridge, 15.05; Stur-	
bridge, 3.71; Warren, Aux., 9.25; West	
Brookfield, 5; Whitinsville, Aux., 10,	
Penny-a-day Soc., 13.27; Winchendon,	
Aux., 3; Worcester, Immanuel Ch.,	
Aux., 5, Park Ch., Aux., 70 cts., Extra-	
cent-a-day, 5, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's	
Asso., 2.20,	115 28
Total,	4,090 70

## LEGACIES.

<i>Beverly.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Ann T. Lovett,	
by Chas. L. Odell, Exr.,	500 00
<i>Braintree.</i> —Legacy of Miss Rachel R.	
Thayer, Tower, Talbot and Hiler, Exrs.,	314 25
<i>Chelsea.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Anna S. Butler,	
by Miss Mary S. Butler, Ex'trix,	25 00
<i>Medford.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Matilda T.	
Haskins, by George D. Cummings, Exr.,	1,000 00
<i>Pittsfield.</i> —Legacy of Miss Abbie M.	
Campbell, by David Campbell, Exr.,	500 00
<i>Springfield.</i> —Legacy of Stetson T. War-	
ner, by Chas. H. Barrows and George	
S. Warner, Exrs.,	500 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Chas. J.	
Barnefield, Treas. Central Falls, Y. L.	
Aux., 75; Providence, Beneficent Ch.,	
Aux. (const. L. M.'s Mrs. John S. Paige,	
Mrs. Emerson Newell, Mrs. John F.	
Caulkins, Mrs. Mary C. Fabyan), 400,	
Central Ch., Aux., 6,	481 00
Total,	481 00

## CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I.	
Lockwood, Treas. Ashford, Friends, 18;	
Danielson, Aux. (with prev. contri.	
const. L. M.'s Miss Clarissa A. Adams,	
Miss Charlotte D. Ayer, Miss Susan N.	
B. Stone), 19.32; Exeter, Ch., 2; Goshen,	
Ch., 8.32, Y. L. Aux., In-as-much Soc.,	
15; Grassy Hill, 2.30; Greenville, 32,	
Inf. Dept., S. S., 2; Groton, Aux., 50;	
Jewett City, C. E. Soc., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc.,	
3; Lebanon, Aux., 23.57; Ledyard, New-	
ell Soc., 15; Lyme, Aux., 10; Montville,	
Aux., 1, C. E. Soc., 5; Mystic, Aux.,	
2.30; Newent C. E. Soc., 3; New Lon-	
don, Second Ch., Aux., 168.20; Norwich,	
First Ch., Aux. (const. L. M.'s Miss Ba-	
barara F. Allen, Miss Florence P. Brown-	
ing, Miss Sarah Dawson, Mrs. W. H.	
Potter), 100.29, Second Ch., Aux., 45,	
Park Ch., Aux., 333.41, Broadway Ch., S.	
S., 10; Oakdale, 8; Scotland, C. E. Soc.,	
1, Y. L. Mission Study Class, 1.50; Wind-	
ham, Aux., 35; Woodstock, Aux., 38,	957 21
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott,	
Treas. Chaplin, C. E. Soc., 5.65; Elling-	
ton, Aux., 15; Farmington, Aux., 10;	
Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Mission Club,	
25, Farmington Ave. Ch., S. S., 43.62,	
Park Ch., Aux., 31.25, Windsor Ave. Ch.,	
M. C., 5; New Britain, South Ch., Aux.,	
34.95; Southington, Aux., 5; South	
Windsor, M. C., 6; Suffield, L. F. M.	
Soc., 15; Terryville, Aux., 52; Willing-	
ton Centre, Aux., 5,	253 47

<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining,	
Treas. Ansonia, Aux., 71, C. E. Soc.,	
35.80; Bethany, Aux., 6; Bethel, Aux.,	
58.62; Bridgeport, First Ch., S. S. (const.	
L. M. Miss Etta Hugo), 25, Olivet Ch.,	
Bell M. C., 15, South Ch., Aux., 8.66,	
West End Ch., Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs.	
M. E. Barker), 27; Brookfield Centre,	
Aux., 20.45, S. S., 25 cts.; Center Brook-	
Aux., 23.75; Chester, Aux., 52.15, C. E.	
Soc., 5; Deep River, Aux., 12; Derby,	
Second Ch., Aux., 25; Durham, Aux.	
(const. L. M. Miss Florence Parmelee),	
23.65, Prim. S. S., 1; East Haddam,	
Aux., 14; East Hampton, 1.90, (Cradle	
Roll, 2.10; Easton, Aux., 12.30; Essex,	
W. W., 10; Georgetown, Aux., 16.50;	
Greenwich, Aux., 4.50; Guilford, Third	
Ch., Aux., 25; Harwinton, Aux., 10, C.	
E. Soc., 10; Ivoryton, Aux. (with prev.	
contri. const. L. M.'s Mrs. S. L. Cheney,	
Mrs. Leroy C. Doane, Mrs. Asa Gilbert,	
Mrs. Frank Griswold, Mrs. George	
Knowlton), 68.40, C. E. Soc., 11.46; Kent,	
C. E. Soc., 9.50; Litchfield, C. E. Soc.,	
4.14; Marlboro, C. E. Soc., 9.25; Meri-	
den, Centre Ch., Aux., 1.47, Cradle Roll,	
8, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 13, C. G., 62;	
Middlebury, Aux., 31, M. C., 5; Middle-	
field, C. E. Soc., 6.96; Middle Haddam,	
Cradle Roll, 1.75; Middletown, First Ch.,	
Gleaners, 55, South Ch., G. W. (const.	
L. M. Miss Judith D. Kirby), 30; Milton,	
Aux., 8.10; Mt. Carmel (const. L. M.'s	
Mrs. Lillian Sanford, Mrs. Adelia Ives),	
51; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer,	
Aux. (const. L. M.'s Miss Josephine Bur-	
gess, Mrs. C. H. Curtiss, Miss M. E.	
Peck, Miss L. E. Landfear, Mrs. J. P.	
Seeley), 200.70, Y. L. Missy Soc., 80, C.	
E. Soc., 29.50; Davenport, Aux., 10, C.	
G., 8, Dwight Place Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc.,	
10, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., 4, S. D., 55,	
L. W., 46, Humphrey St. Ch., Y. L., 40,	
Plymouth Ch., L. B., 15, Cradle Roll, 20,	
Prim. S. S., 5, Welcome Hall, L. B., 7,	
Yale College Ch., Aux., 216; New Mil-	
ford, Aux., 9, Y. L., 60; New Preston	
Hill, Aux., 7; Newton, Aux., 39; North	
Greenwich, Aux., 25; North Madison,	
Aux., 13.43; North Stamford, Aux., 8;	
North Woodbury, Aux., 39; Norwalk,	
Aux., 37.18; Orange, Aux., 31.50; Port-	
land, Aux., 10, Builders, 30, Cradle Roll,	
4, Prospect Ch., Aux., 2, Gleaners, 3;	
Redding, Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs. E. T.	
Field), 35; Ridgely, Starlight M. C.,	
2.50; Ridgefield, Aux., 60, Prim. S. S.,	
13.50; Roxbury, Aux., 10; Saybrook,	
Aux., 11; Sharon, Aux., 104.35; South	
Britain, Aux., 28; South Norwalk, Aux.,	
50; Southport, Aux., 30; Stamford, Aux.,	
25, Y. L., 15; Stratford, Prim. S. S., 6.50;	
Thomaston, Aux., 37, W. W., 8.50; Tor-	
ringford, Aux., 27.50; Trumbull, Aux.	
(const. L. M.'s Mrs. Julia E. Fairchild,	
Mrs. Wm. Jason Haines), 55, W. W., 8;	
Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 100, Second	
Ch., Aux., 128, Prim. S. S., 10, Third Ch.,	
Aux., 10; Westbrook, Aux., 10; West	
Chester, Aux., 15; Westfield, B. B., 5;	
West Haven, Aux., 90; Westville, Aux.,	
33.45; Whitneyville Aux., 46, Jr. C. E.,	
3; Wilton, Aux., 58; Winsted, Second	
Ch., S. S., 10,	3,147 80
Total,	4,358 48

## NEW YORK.

*New York State Branch.*—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Albany, Ch., 10, Aux., 215, S. S., 10, C. E. Soc., 26, King's Dau., 10, Bethany Circle, 5; Antwerp, 25, C. E. Soc., 5; Aquebogue, Aux., 4; Baiting Hollow, Aux., 20.50; Berkshire, Aux., 27.80; Bridgewater, Aux., 5; Brier Cliff Manor, Aux., 18; Brooklyn, Bushwick Ave. Ch., 5, Central Ch., Aux., 210.73, K. Guild, 10, Evangel Circle, 25, Whatso-ever Circle, 5, Jr. Aux., 34; Flatbush, Aux., 33, Cradle Roll, 2, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 31.50, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux. (const. L. M's Mrs. M. F. Johnson, Mrs. Charles S. Hartwell), 95, Evangel Circle, 60, Earnest Workers, 25, Nazarene Ch., Aux., 6, Park Ch., Aux., 5, Plymouth Ch., Aux. (const. L. M's Mrs. M. L. Douglas, Miss Irene H. Ovington, Miss E. B. Stoughton), 111.20, Henry Ward Beecher Mission Circle, 50, Y. W. Guild, 35, Puritan Ch., Aux., 15, C. E. Soc., 21, Tompinkus Ave. Ch., Aux. (50 by Mrs. T. R. Davis to const. L. M's Mrs. Walter C. Wood, Eleanor C. Wood), 150, Eleanor C. Wood, 5, United Ch., Aux., 36; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 50, Bancroft, Ch., Aux., 15, Preisch's Bible Class, 20, Prim. Class, 2, Lend-a-hand Cir. K. G., 5, Corner Cir., 5, Niagara Square Ch., Aux., 40; Burr's Mills, Aux., 5; Camden, C. E., 10; Candor, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. M. A. Beers, Miss Georgiana Booth), 22.75; Carthage, C. E., 5; Chenango Forks, Aux., 6; Churchville, Aux., 12; Columbus, Aux., 4.05; Corning, Aux., 10.50; De Ruyter, Aux., 7; East Smithfield, Aux., 14.71, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Elbridge, Aux., 19.49; Fairport, Aux., 20; Flushing, 12, Home Dept., S. S., 8.50, Acorn Band, 17.33; Franklin, Aux., 46, C. E. Soc., 5; Friendship, Aux., 5; Gasport, Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 4; Gloversville, Aux., 29; Greene, Aux., 13.76; Henrietta, Aux., 10; Homer, Aux., 103.55; Honeoye, Aux., 21, Mrs. Burn's S. S. Class, 8.40, C. E. Soc., 5; Ithaca, Aux. (const. L. M's Mrs. H. A. St. John, Mrs. F. E. Bates), 50; Jamesport, Aux., 10; Jamestown, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. S. A. Baldwin), 25, C. E. Soc., 10; Java, Aux., 3; Le Raysville, Aux., 17; Lockport, First Ch., 30; Lysander, Aux., 17; Madison, Aux., 25; Madrid, Aux., 7; Middletown, First Ch., S. S., 12; Millville, Aux., 2.50; Morristown, Aux., 17.50; Morrisville, C. E., b; Mt. Sinai, C. E., 5; Munnsville, S. S., 3.75, Prim. Dept., 2; Newark Valley, Aux., 25.25, C. E. Soc., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5.80; Newburg, Aux., 10; New Haven, Aux., 5.88, W. W., 4.28; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Aux., 226.65, C. E. Soc., 30, Manhattan Ch., Aux., 35.37; North New York, Aux., 5, Trinity Ch., Aux., 24; Niagara Falls, Aux., 30; Northfield, Aux., 28; Norwich, Aux., 26.22; Norwood, Aux., 18; Nyack, Aux., 8; Ogdensburg, Aux., 9, C. E. Soc., 3; Orient, Aux., 18; Oswego, Aux., 34; Patchogue, Aux., 67.50, Cradle Roll, 6.25; Perry Centre, Aux., 28; Phenix, Aux., 18, C. E. Soc., 5; Philadelphia, Aux., 15.87; Portland, M. B., 1; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Thomas McWhinnie), 32, Cradle Roll,

4.25; Pulaski, Aux., 11; Richmond Hill, Aux., 12; Richville, Mrs. Griffiths, 75 cts.; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux., 64 cts., C. E. Soc., 5, Sound Ave. Ch., Aux., 16.77; Rutland, C. E. Soc., 7.80; Sandy Creek, 11; Saratoga, Aux., 2, Miss S. L. Wood, 75; Sayville, Aux., 15.60, Cradle Roll, 2.50; Scranton, Pa., Aux., 20; Sidney, Aux., 26, S. S., 8.53; Sloan, Aux., 13; South Glen Falls, W. D. Eddy Family Circle, 2.50; Suffolk Asso. Annual Meeting, 12; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Aux., 12.25, Geddes Ch., Aux., 25, Goodwill Ch., Aux., 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 50.10, C. E. Soc., 25; Ticonderoga, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. F. Locke), C. E. Soc., 2.50; Utica, Bethesda Ch., Aux., 20; Wading River, 10; Walton, Aux., 7; Watertown, Ch., 12, Aux., 10; West Bloomfield, Aux., 20, C. E. Soc., 5; West Moreland, Aux., 20; West Groton, Aux., 25.10; West Winfield, C. E. Soc., 10, Dau. of Cov., 2.50, Cradle Roll, 4.25, Aux., 13.60. Less expenses, 123.18, 3,320 05  
Total, 3,320 05

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

*Philadelphia Branch.*—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C. Washington, First Ch., Mission Club, 101.65, Fifth Ch., Aux., 7.50, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 3.50; N. J., Orange Valley, Y. L. M. B., 16.35; Passaic, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.33; Plainfield, Aux., 71.06; Upper Montclair, Aux., 10; Westfield, Aux., 70, The Covenanters, 26.25; Pa., Conneaut Centre, Aux., 7.50; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Aux., 75.50, Snowflake M. C., 10, 400 64  
Total, 400 64

## FLORIDA.

*South Florida.*—Asso. of Foreign Mission Workers, Mrs. E. W. Butler, Treas. Lake Helen, Aux., 1, S. S., 1.60; Mt. Dora, Aux., 1; Phillips, Aux., 1; Sanford, Aux., 1.40; St. Petersburg, 22.80; Tavares, Aux., 70 cts.; Winter Park, 2.55, 32 05  
Total, 32 05

## MICHIGAN.

*Port Huron.*—Mrs. C. B. Stockwell, 25 00  
Total, 25 00

## OHIO.

*Shandon.*—A Friend, 90  
Total, 90

## MEXICO.


*Cuadalajara.*—Corona Institute, 50  
Total, 50

## TURKEY.

*Harpoet.*—Members of Mission Station, 2 42  
Total, 2 42

General Funds, 13,416 34  
Gifts for Special Objects, 419 47  
Variety Account, 52 99  
Legacies, 2,839 25

Total, \$16,728 05



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## TURKEY.

Mrs. Baldwin writes from Brousa:—

WHILE some of our mission schools have had to close for awhile on account of sickness, and others have had losses by death, we have had only lighter cases of illness and all have been spared, and not one school session has been omitted; still the irregularities and extra work have been considerable, and at times many have been absent from their places. Measles among the kindergarten pupils, and typhoid erysipelas and rheumatic fever among the older girls, have been most prevalent, not to mention influenza and other minor complaints.

Several severe snowstorms and lower temperature than we have most winters have made the season seem long and trying, especially to the poor. I have been in and out in all weathers, and my general health remarkably good, though I have been busier than ever, not in class-room work,—for Miss Holt and the native teachers have been sufficient for that,—but in those undefinable ways which, on looking back, give nothing tangible to

speaking about. I think when I wrote last the number of boarders had reached seventeen, but now we have twenty-three.

September 29th came Heranoosh from a village fifty-five miles distant; the mother had once been a pupil in the Talas school, and she was willing to make any sacrifice that her little girl might early begin her education under good influences. She seems a promising child, and though young shows great interest in spiritual things. About the same time came Emma, the sister of one of our last year graduates. Their home is at the extreme end of the city, and the two sisters had taken the long walk together, but being left alone the parents thought it better to send her as a boarder. She is one of the seniors, though her class cannot graduate this year.

In October a preacher from the Cesarea field was invited to take up a new work in one of our out-stations, and passing through Brousa on the way he left with us his two daughters. These worked in nicely, for they had been in school a little while and knew what it was to be separated from their parents. The older one is already a member of the church,—a quiet, faithful girl, while the younger is hopeful, too, in every way.

In November one of last year's boarders, who had been delayed because of sickness, came back to us. We were so glad to see her looking well and strong that she had a hearty welcome, but she was not so prudent as she might have been, and lay sick three weeks in January; she is in her place again now.

When Mr. Baldwin returned from his tour to Soloz in early February, he brought with him a dear girl, who was with us last year as a day scholar. We have also transferred another of the orphans from Kaya Bashi, and now you can count up the twenty-three, and with the teachers and ourselves we are twenty-eight at the table every evening. Breakfast and lunch we have in our own home, but there are many reasons why it is advisable to be with them at least one meal during the day.

Twelve of the twenty-three are new this year, but now that six months are passed they are used to the routine of housework, including the rules and regulations which are laid down for them as a family. Coming from so many different places, we are surprised sometimes to notice how little friction there is among them.

Last evening I went a little before dinner—as I often do—and I found two of the girls in the sewing room, though it was recreation time. On asking them what they were doing, they replied, "Making an apron for Heranoosh." It was large, so as to cover nearly all her dress. I was glad to find they had cut and fitted it. We have continued this lesson on Friday afternoons with the same practical dressmaker that we had last year, advancing

others to take the places of those who had left. We hardly know how to meet this extra expense, but I think it pays even if it involves economy somewhere else.

Every teacher has kept on regularly with our work, except the primary teacher, who was obliged to be absent some weeks at two different times because of ill-health; and the teacher of the piano, who had an attack of typhoid fever.

Our members this year number fifty in the main school, and thirty in the kindergarten. You must not think we are satisfied with simply caring for their physical, mental and moral welfare. They all attend church on Sabbath morning, and on our return I spend the hour before lunch with them, questioning, explaining, and pressing home to them the truths they have heard. In the afternoon they prepare for Sunday school and we all go to church again. Our Sunday evening service they enjoy best of all, perhaps. We recite passages of Scripture; Mr. Baldwin reads in English to them, one of the teachers translating into Armenian so that none shall fail to understand. We sing five or six hymns and close with prayer. Every morning our religious exercises take fully half an hour, when I am with them, excepting on Wednesday, when I leave the time to Miss Holt. Tuesday morning the preacher occupies the time, but I am there. In the evening Mr. Baldwin conducts family prayer while we are still together in the dining room, varying it on Thursday evening by holding a service in the large schoolroom later in the evening. Of course, Bible lessons are given through the whole course. Wednesday morning there is a meeting for women in the church, which some of us attend in turn, for we cannot all go without causing confusion. These are the regular exercises of which we can give an account, but of their private prayers and reading, and of the word in season and out of season, only He knows "from whom nothing is hid." Would that we were more faithful, more in earnest; but as some one has quaintly said, we are "frail beings amid labors and distractions," and you must pray, not only for the girls and those under our care, but for us who try to guide them. At our last communion one of the day pupils joined the church.

Socially, too, they have not been neglected. Every alternate Friday evening Miss Holt interests them in games and other pastimes. For my husband's birthday eve, he entertained them and had for refreshments cakes, apples, and fancy candy babies.

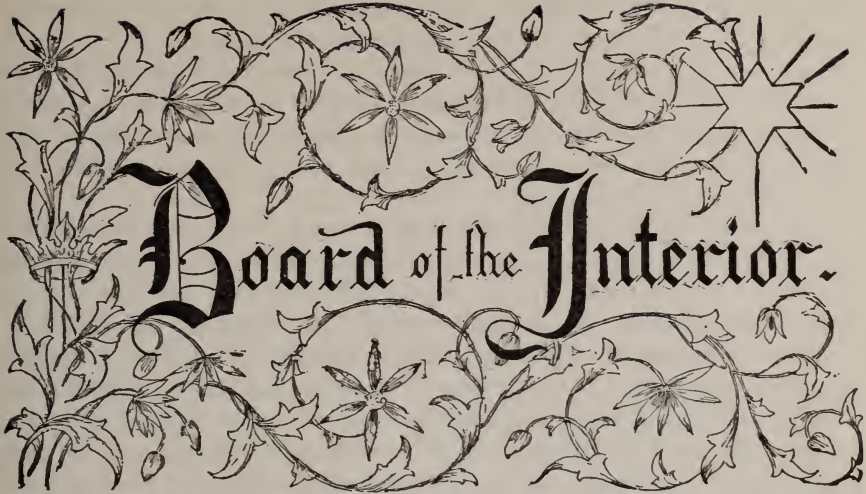
As Thanksgiving Day has little significance to native friends, we invited Miss Holt to dinner with us, and then had evening tea with the girls with homemade cookies and nuts, and some games, of course. This came after an appropriate Thanksgiving service instead of the regular prayer meeting.

On Christmas we gave a turkey dinner at school, inviting the Swiss ladies from the orphanage, and in the evening other friends to enjoy with us Mr. Baldwin's magic lantern pictures. We had borrowed for the occasion slides illustrating Dickens' "Christmas Carol" from a brother missionary, and Mr. Nigohassian explained them in Armenian. It was a rare treat to all of us. Later we had cake and tea, peanuts and candy. The girls and teachers, with the help of rugs, pictures, greens and mottoes, and borrowed red damask curtains, had transformed the primary class room into an attractive parlor, and I wish you could have been with us and thus brought our number up to fifty. We could not invite the day pupils because of the difficulty of their getting home at night. The next evening we all went to the orphanage to enjoy the Christmas tree and exercises there.

On Armenian New Year's Eve—January thirteenth—we were all invited to Mr. Nigohassian's, where with music, games, and merry cheer the time quickly passed till the clock struck twelve, and then the house resounded with "Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!" from old and young. At that instant, as if by magic—according to native custom—a table that had stood covered in one corner of the long hall was wheeled into the middle of the room and all were invited to help themselves to the goodies with which it was loaded.

On their Christmas we had church service in the morning, and true Christmas weather did we have: snow so deep that we could only walk (or wade) in single file, and you can imagine what a long line we made. The girls prepared a very nice dinner, and on their plate each one found a nice Christmas card and one of the little booklets you sent. Miss Holt had given them, in the morning, a photo of the boarders, nicely mounted.

Since I wrote you last I have had an opportunity to witness, for the first time since coming to Turkey, two functions in the Gregorian Church. In November, the baptism of the baby of one of our former pupils—one who could have graduated with Beatrice, but preferred to study one year more and then was prevented by the sudden death of her mother from cholera. The second, in February, when we were invited to the afternoon wedding of the aunt of one of our present pupils. It was an elaborate affair, the bishop himself holding the cross above the heads of the couple, who stood forehead touching forehead during nearly the whole of the lengthy ceremony. We have had many invitations to Gregorian weddings, but as, almost without exception, they take place toward midnight on Sunday, we have not gone. This was a good opportunity to see the church and the rite, so we embraced it, taking Miss Mariam with us. But it was all so new and strange I will not even attempt a description.



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NEWS FROM ADANA.

BY MISS E. S. WEBB.

SCHOOL opened in September with a larger attendance than ever. There are now one hundred and ten in the Armenian department, and thirty-one or two in the Greek. In the Armenian side every desk is full, and two or three girls are without any. It is like the widow's dishes; this seems to have been the measure of our faith when we built the school. We can manage all right this year, but we shall have to plan a place to grow into next year.

Our great difficulty now, and the one which we shall feel increasingly, is for a room large enough to come together in for morning prayers.

Three times a week we have prayers together, the reading and singing in English, and the prayers in Turkish. The other two mornings the Greeks have theirs with Miss Lawrence, in Greek, and we, on the Armenian side,

entirely in Turkish. When we are together we have to have benches all around the wall and in the aisles to get in all the children.

I am very happy in the Armenian teachers this year. Three of them are our own girls, two of whom graduated from Marash last spring. A fourth teacher is one of their classmates, and a very nice girl, from Aintab. Our other Armenian teacher is a man who is married to one of our graduates. They are all doing good work.

This year we have a lot of little girls, a number of whom are from villages where we have no schools, and who come to us without any training whatever. I never realized before what a difference even our village schools make in the children. These children quarrel so among themselves!

We have just taken a new step in our church work. The pastor has organized a committee of the women of the church. They are to arrange for a monthly missionary meeting, and raise the money necessary for our home missionary work, to attend to the holding of a weekly prayer meeting in a village on the outskirts of the city, and to try to get each woman of the congregation to give something each year toward the support of the church. Other work will probably open for the committee to attend to, but this is certainly enough to begin on.

One of my duties is to prepare the programme for the missionary meeting. We are to have our first one in two weeks, the subject being Turkey. A paper on the organization of our home missionary society, our women's conference, and our own special work at Enzerli. A paper on Miss Stone (from the *McClure* articles), and a short paper on Dr. Riggs's work in translating the Bible. The women of the committee are quite enthusiastic, and ready to work.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM MISS AGNES FENENGA'S LETTER.

MARDIN, TURKEY IN ASIA, March 21, 1903.

YOU will be glad to know that the eight girls of the second class who were not church members, of the ten in the class, have all taken a definite stand and expressed their desire to unite with the church. How I do hope we shall be able to keep these girls another year to graduate them. They would have an opportunity to grow and develop in that year, but I suppose some of them will have to teach. There is a good spirit in our school this year. The dozen girls of from twelve to fourteen years of age in our preparatory class are holding daily prayer meetings. Two of them started it, and they have prayed and worked until now all but two have joined. I



was so happy when I discovered it that I could hardly contain myself. These little girls are all village girls, so what a heaven they will be when they go back to their homes. I teach the Bible to the third class, and find that three of the six girls are most zealous for their Saviour. One is a church member and one other has expressed a desire to become one. We are studying the *Life of Christ* according to the Harmony of the Gospels. This, of course, is exceedingly interesting, and it gives me a chance every day to show the love, the reality, and the beauty of our Saviour's life. It seems to me I never had even a glimpse of the whole great plan of salvation until I came here.

Our pastor is making a tour of the villages about Diarbeker. Touring is sadly neglected now that Mr. Andrus has taken Mr. Dewey's work, and Miss Pratt does not return.

It will be a great treat to welcome Miss Graf in the fall. The people all love her, and are anxiously inquiring as to when she will be back.

Our women have, since Christmas, led their own prayer meetings in alphabetical order. The meetings are well attended and a fairly good spirit prevails. I attend when I can.

We have been enjoying a visit of Mr. Sterrett, a Presbyterian missionary of Urumiah. He had spent the winter all alone on this side of the mountains between here and Persia among the Nestorians, so he was as glad to see us as we to see him. It does seem so good to see a new face. He speaks of the Nestorian work as little more encouraging than our work here. It is under the same government, so it is to be expected. Taxes are giving so much trouble now. They are being collected with the horsewhip and imprisonment. And so much dishonesty continually going on. Even the Protestant tax collector of our Protestant community here made away during the year with some six thousand piasters. They did not know it until just three days before the money was due to the government, so now an effort is being made to collect six thousand piasters in the three days, and so save their houses from being pillaged. The government does not recognize individuals but communities.

Mr. Sterrett said the Moslem work in Persia was encouraging, one of their number having been at one time invited to preach in a mosque full of men. That seems almost too good to believe.

Yes, I do get the *Advance*, and one of the first things I read is always the W. B. M. I. Column, so the names of your fellow-workers have become quite familiar to me.

Spring is here, with all its flowers and new life. Almond blossoms in profusion.

## LETTER FROM MISS U. C. MARSH.

PHILIPPOLIS, BULGARIA, September 12, 1902.

IT is only a few years since Protestantism got a foothold in this village of Akhmatovo, and it has made rapid progress. They have now twenty-one church members and sixty enrolled followers, with congregations of one hundred to one hundred and thirty, and this with very little help from outside. Occasionally our pastor and his wife, or one of the deacons of this church, has spent a Sunday with them, but in the main they have led their own services on Sunday, and lived as they prayed all the week long. From the beginning they have been very much in earnest in pressing upon the attention of their friends and neighbors the great truths that have made them free. How many Bibles and Testaments they have sold in their own and neighboring villages! and how many hundreds of tracts they have given away! Their acknowledged leader, now a really eloquent preacher, taught of the Spirit and wonderfully familiar with his Testament, was a bad man, a thief, a drunkard, a leader in the village carousals, till God called him, and he has responded at once, turned right about, even selling his beloved violin with which he had so long led the dance, lest it should be a temptation to him. Such persecution as he has endured,—beatings from his father and from his wife. Many and many a night on coming home from prayer meeting he has found the door locked, and has had to sleep in the stable or go to some neighbor's, while his neighbors and former friends have given him the cold shoulder in every way; but he is as happy as the day is long, and his wife is at last beginning to relent, and at least to let him alone. Their meetings long ago outgrew the capacity of any village room, and last year they used the unfinished second story of a new house built by a man friendly to them, though not himself a Protestant; but his wife made his life such a burden to him because of it, that he finally told them in the spring that he could not rent it to them any longer, and all summer they have held their services out of doors under the trees. That is all very well in pleasant weather, but autumn rains will soon come and the wind and snow of winter, so they have made a great effort to draw stone, and have pledged a large sum for so poor a people. Sister churches in Bulgaria have sent them help, and we missionaries have put our hands deep into our own pockets. The plan of a little church was made and approved by the proper authorities at the Capital, and Mr. Marsh had his plans all laid to begin building this very day, when, behold, we find that the "Holy Synod will not allow a church of foreign faith to be built in that village," and that, although our Constitution gives entire religious freedom. So the church will not be built at present. We shall have to fight it out. It *must* be built in spite of Russia, who poses

as Bulgaria's guardian angel, and don't want either Americans or Protestants to interfere with her plans for Bulgaria. It will be a long fight, and meanwhile we don't yet see what the people are to do. I dare say my sisters may have told you—yes, and I remember that Mr. Marsh visited you when in America, and of course talked to you about our own new church in Philippopolis, which we have now been occupying with great satisfaction for nearly a year. We had some difficulty in getting permission to build this, even though it was only to replace one which our congregation had outgrown. This Gothic building, standing well up on one of the four hills upon which Philippopolis is built, is the most prominent and the finest building in the city,—a continual preacher. During the summer months, when many people are out of the city, our audience is not more than two hundred, but all winter we had four or five hundred. I, who am especially concerned for the children, take great comfort in our large, convenient primary rooms, with their nice little benches and plenty of pictures. For sixteen years I have taught that class, and have seen it grow from fifteen to eighty and over, with a class graduating every year into the large school. This past year I have not taught it, a very good Bulgarian teacher taking my place, while I have had a mission school in a village half an hour from the city. This school was begun four years ago primarily for the children of three Protestant families living there; but others soon came in, and we have had as many as seventy, all our room could possibly hold, while the average, even through this hot, hot summer, has been thirty-five. The growth of Sunday schools all over our field, and especially the large number of non-Protestant children attending them, are among the most hopeful signs of our work. If you would like to help us in that line, too, we would be very thankful to receive help. The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society gave us their little Lesson Picture Cards at half price, but even so they cost us, with the postage and printing of Golden Texts in Bulgarian, nearly \$40 a year; an expense for which we have no appropriation, and for which we have to depend upon friends here and there and on our own purses. The Sunday schools give something, but they are poor, and in many places the scholars are almost exclusively non-Protestant. But we are sure it pays to sow these seeds of truth. They go into many places where there are no Bibles, and we believe they will *surely* yield a harvest.

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THE Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior was able to mark another red-letter day on her calendar, when on Saturday afternoon, May 16th, she received her friends at a charming little house warming in her new rooms at 40 Dearborn Street.

Chicago brought forth her balmiest breezes and most radiant smiles, and the neighboring woods and gardens contributed of their sweetest May blossoms to help make the place beautiful and attractive for the occasion. About two hundred friends assembled there, and after an enjoyable social hour and a cup of tea, Mrs. Moses Smith, in a few cordial words, bade all welcome to the new home of the Board. This opened the more formal part of the programme, which, through happy forethought, took the form of a testimonial to Mrs. G. B. Willcox's faithful and efficient labor in writing the weekly report of the Friday morning meeting for the *Advance*. Mrs. Case gave utterance to the hearty appreciation of all of the gift of time and effort so cheerfully and regularly made by Mrs. Willcox in the ten or twelve years that she has been preparing this "column" each week, and in closing she presented to Mrs. Willcox a beautiful bunch of American Beauty roses, which were brought in by two members of the first mission band started by Mrs. Case more than twenty years ago. Tied securely within this bouquet was a substantial token that had quickly grown out of the loving interest of readers of "the column." All joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds," when Mrs. Willcox, recovering a little from her surprise, expressed her warmest thanks for the kind words and loving thought of her.

Dr. Simeon Gilbert, one of the editors of the *Advance* when "the column" was started, spoke most cordially of the high literary value of the writing, and also of the wide influence it exerted in bringing missionary information to a large constituency. Secretary Dr. J. L. Barton, the guest of honor, brought the greetings of the American Board, and added his tribute of praise to Mrs. Willcox's work. With the singing of a beautiful solo the exercises closed, and the social intercourse was resumed.

M. I. L.

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### FROM MR. AND MRS. F. F. TUCKER.

(Concluded.)

SAILING away we passed the small island called "Missionary Rock," to which, in the early days, all the Christians were driven until they were crowded into the sea.

November 10th gave us our first view of China,—China, that goal so long desired and prayed for. It was difficult to tell whether the many big ships in Shanghai's harbor were dressed so gayly to commemorate our own birthdays, or those of King Edward and China's Empress Dowager, all four occurring about this time.

During our four days' stop in this port, later in Tientsin, in fact all along the way, we met many old and new friends,—largely those we had known in college and in Christian Endeavor work, each doing well his work in his God-appointed place. It was an inspiration to meet Mr. F. S. Brockman here, now General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for China, Korea and Hong Kong, and to learn of the progress of that work among these millions of young men. Also to see the immense plant, the Presbyterian Mission Press, was instructive. This issues much of the religious literature used throughout the empire.

We arrived at Tientsin November 19th without special event, despite the storms that were predicted and expected. God's message to us on reaching North China, that part of the land where we trust we may be spared to labor many years, was, "He sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick" (Luke ix. 2). We could scarcely realize, as we passed the bleaching bones of the Taku forts and saw the razed wall of the native city of Tientsin, that here was the scene of part of the great conflict of 1900. Nearly all the native Christians we now met were those who had suffered, and suffered deeply, for Christ's sake.

It did our hearts good to be welcomed personally and by letter by so many of our fellow laborers in North China, Miss Frances Patterson, so well known in Christian Endeavor circles, entertaining us in Tientsin. Our knowledge of medicine was called upon the first day on shore, and the second found us in the operating room. We could not tarry long, however, and after a friendly call at the United States consulate, where all Americans are hospitably received, we were off for our two hundred mile trip up the Grand Canal before it would freeze—an event daily expected. All disagreeable expectations were again unrealized, and our journey was most pleasant. The cold weather came two days after we reached Pang-Chuang (pronounced Pong Jwong), our new home. This village has been for the past twenty years the home of the well-known writer and authority on things Chinese, Rev. A. H. Smith. We were particularly favored to have him and his talented wife come so far in the cold to conduct us up the canal from Tientsin, and the days together then and since have been most profitable to us.

How we wish all of you, our friends, could take that trip among these strange people in this strange land, in a native house boat. To be described it must be experienced. Those big, clumsy affairs, with their one to three rooms, are literally pulled up stream by the very poor, patient, plodding, uncomplaining boatmen. Three to twenty men pull on a rope attached to the top of the single tall mast, which also supports a sail when the wind is favorable. When the men were asked to raise the sail for Dr. Tucker to take a picture to send home, they said, "Oh, yes! his poor father never saw a sail." Certainly he never saw such a one, with a thousand and one holes and patches nearly as numerous.

Curious things by the wayside we saw, as a bundle hanging in a tree, done up in straw matting. It proved to be the head of a robber killed by official order, and hung there as a warning to others. We passed thousands and thousands of people. We were on top of the wall of one city about forty centuries old, where Christ is not yet preached; indeed, it is our nearest post office, Te Chou. One of its inhabitants had lived therein for nineteen generations, or rather his ancestors had, yet said this was not his home, for earlier ancestors had lived longer in another city.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith feel a direct responsibility to give the Word of God to all whom they meet. Every day saw them teaching the Mohammedan boatmen, the Chinese soldiers who accompanied us, the servants, most of whom were Christians but need further instruction, besides preaching oft and distributing simple leaflets. The Chinese officials insist upon furnishing an escort of soldiers whenever we take any considerable journey. There is,

however, no evidence of unrest in this part of China. The soldiers were especially interested in the truth, and each day distributed the leaflets. It was an impressive sight to see two of Yuan Shi Kai's soldiers distributing Christian literature, and not less so to the Chinese than to us. In one of the cities the only available place for preaching was in a heathen temple erected to the god of fire, which god had himself been burned two years before. People came often to us for medical treatment, and we were impressed by the number and variety of diseases presented.

It was with no small feeling of thankfulness to God for all his mercies that we packed our steamer trunk for the twelfth time, and reached Pang-Chuang December 1st. The last seven miles of our nine thousand mile journey were made by cart, donkey and sedan chair. Such a welcome awaited us! We were met outside the compound of the mission premises, and at the gates, by groups of men and women. Further on the girls' school—forty of them, and with unbound feet—awaited us singing a special song of welcome. Later the boys and young men from their school came in a body to extend greetings. The tears could not be kept back. Such a welcome in a heathen land was a fitting tribute to the faithful work of our co-laborers, now including the beloved Misses Wyckoff besides those mentioned before. The next day, standing under decorations that said we were "double joy," we received groups of Chinese Christians all the afternoon. At a woman's meeting earlier in the day, every moment of time allowed was occupied in thanksgiving prayer. It would have put to shame many a prayer meeting at home to have heard these women, who have had so very few opportunities, pray one after the other, losing not a moment.

Thus, lengthily perhaps, have we brought you to the land of Sinim, and to our work, which began almost at once in the way of a critical operation on one of the schoolgirls, but whom God spared to us. As the days pass, we are more glad than ever to be allowed to come, but realize that we cannot fill our place with all the background of heathenism without your prayerful aid.

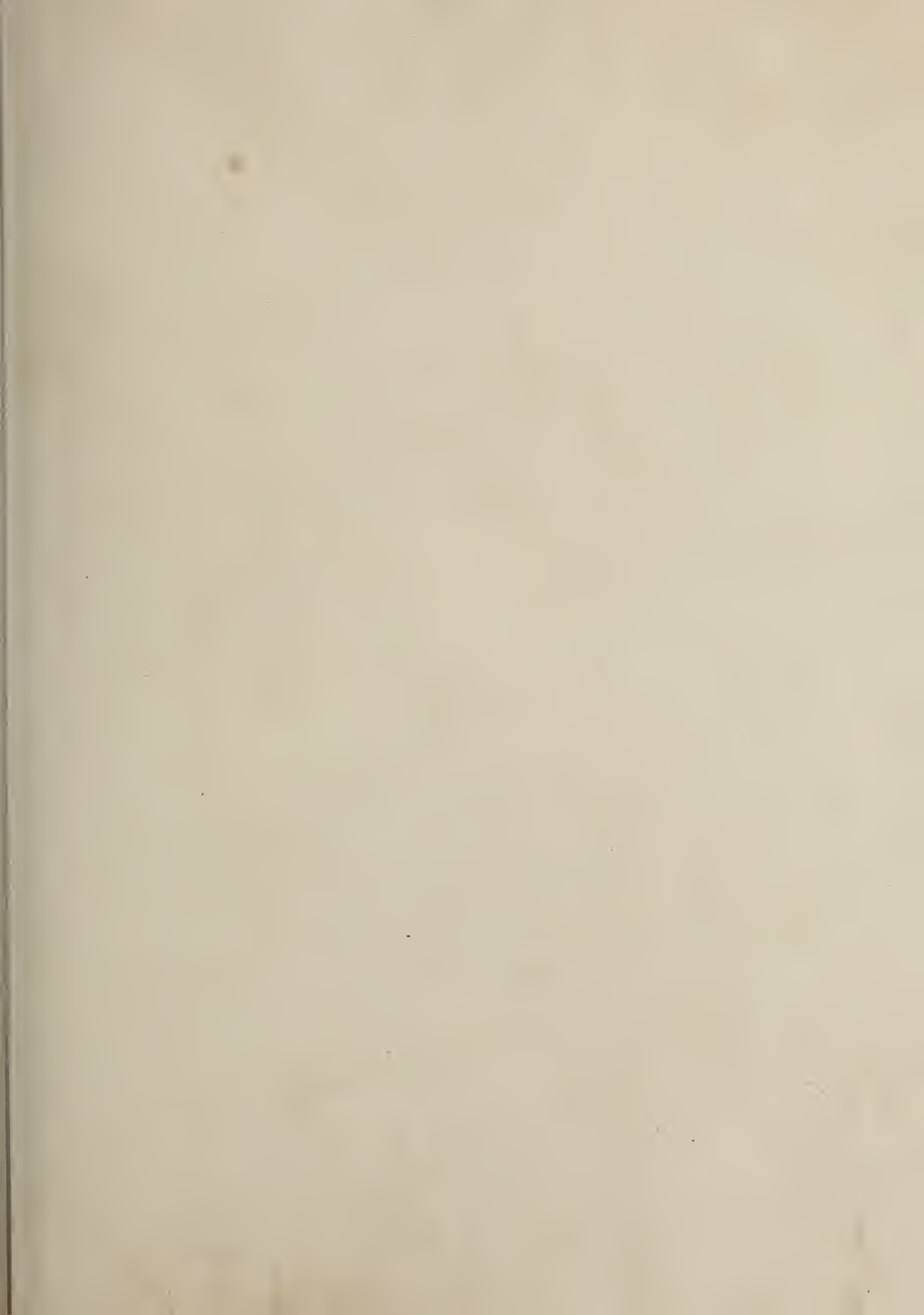
## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10, 1903.

COLORADO . . . . .	330 19	Previously acknowledged . . . . .	26,057 34
ILLINOIS . . . . .	1,205 13	Total since October, 1902 . . . . .	\$31,611 57
INDIANA . . . . .	142 84	CONTRIBUTIONS FOR DEBT.	
IOWA . . . . .	885 62	Receipts for the month . . . . .	79 50
KANSAS . . . . .	264 09	Previously acknowledged . . . . .	2,963 69
MICHIGAN . . . . .	449 56	Total since October, 1902 . . . . .	\$3,043 19
MINNESOTA . . . . .	385 13	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
MISSOURI . . . . .	76 65	Receipts for the month . . . . .	28 00
NEBRASKA . . . . .	176 87	Previously acknowledged . . . . .	230 07
OHIO . . . . .	893 72	Total since October, 1902 . . . . .	\$258 07
SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	185 22		
WISCONSIN . . . . .	412 05		
CONNECTICUT . . . . .	25 00		
JAPAN . . . . .	12 50		
MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .	109 66		
Receipts for the month . . . . .	\$5,554 23		

MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.



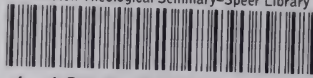
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